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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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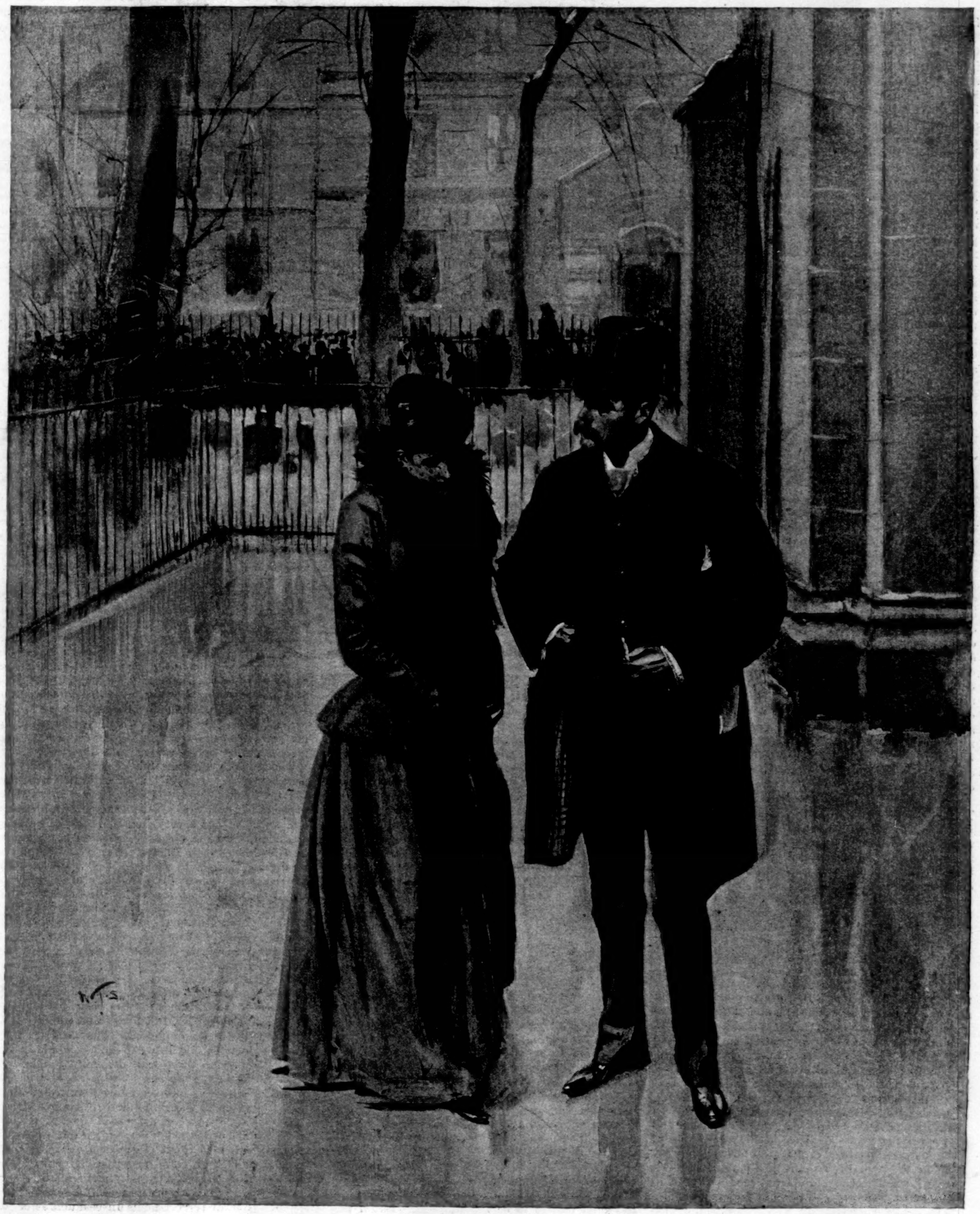

"HE WALKED WITH HER DOWN ONE OF THE GRAVEL-PATHS THAT RUN AMONG THE SALLOW GRAVESTONES."
Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Story "Nowadays," Page 361.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

No. 1795.

WITH COVER, AND SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING AN ARTICLE WITH DOUBLE-PAGE GROUP OF PORTRAITS OF THE BOARD OF METHODIST EPISCOPAL BISHOPS, AND AN ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE ON THE EVOLUTION OF MARINE SAFEGUARDS.

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A WAY OF PEACE IN THE BEHRING SEA.

THE latest statement in regard to the seals is that there will be probably an agreement between Great Britain and the United States to prohibit catching for the season on the Pribyloff Islands. There should be no doubt of such an agreement, for there can be no question, as Mr. Phelps points out in his article in Harper's Magazine, that while the discussion of authority to protect drags slowly along, the seals are being exterminated. The necessity of a close season has not only not been denied, but when the Canadian destruction of the seals began, and the United States proposed to Great Britain a convention, in which Russia should be invited to join, for the protection of the seals, Great Britain and Russia at once acceded, and the draft of such a convention was prepared, and its execution was delayed only by the influence of the protest of the Canadian poachers upon the British government. The discussion of authority over the Behring Sea followed, and, after long delays, the substantial question has been brought into the Supreme Court, which has postponed the hearing until the autumn. Meanwhile some form of arbitration has been accepted, and pending all settlements, Great Britain has apparently renewed our offer of an agreement for a closed season.

This plan is understood to have been opposed by the North American Sealing Company. But the common international interest in the protection of the seals, as shown by the reports of experts, by facts hitherto undisputed, and by the prompt adhesion of Great Britain and Russia to the proposed convention for protection, favors the cessation of the destruction for this year, and a final adjustment of the question. This is imperative, because without some system of protection the seals will disappear. Their unrestricted destruction practically depopulated the vast antarctic breeding-grounds. Twenty years ago, as Mr. Elliott tells us, only a few thousand remained upon the Falkland Islands, where millions were formerly found, and the Argentine government at that time protected small rookeries near the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. Fortunately, from their discovery a century ago, the care of the Russian government protected the Pribyloff Islands, the great seal-ground of the northern hemisphere. The local or municipal laws of civilized nations, as Mr. Phelps truly says, based upon the dictates both of humanity and of self-interest, protect innoxious wild animals during the breeding season. Our game laws are the acknowledgment that regard for the instincts of humanity is good policy. It is therefore a just allegation that, measured by the conduct of all civilized states, the wanton destruction of the seals is an act *contra bonos mores*.

International law, of course, is not law at all. There is no international legislature to enact statutes, and there are no courts to pronounce authoritative judgments. It is a system of conduct legitimated by international consent. But the law of nations, as it is called, must keep pace with the increasing necessities of society and the advance of international sentiment. In the common interest, therefore, why should not the protection which each nation municipally extends to animal life at certain periods be internationally extended to the seals? Under the peculiar circumstances arising from the nature of seal life and our ownership of the islands which are indispensable to its continuance, we are their natural protectors. So long as that protection should be honestly administered, no nation interested would probably complain. Great Britain, by consenting to a convention for protection, has agreed that the destruction of seals in the breeding season should be treated as criminal and punishable. If to prevent the international loss and injury that would result from such destruction, the United States, in good faith, should resist it, would Great Britain probably send a fleet to defend such depredation and to protect the wanton extermination of the seals? This question, however evident the answer may be, is set aside by the proposition of a close season this year. Let that proposition be accepted, and then, as Mr. Elliott suggests, and there is no better authority, let the two governments send a joint commission to the sealing-grounds this summer to prepare a system of protection in the common international interest.

IMMIGRATION.

THE massacre at New Orleans has again attracted public attention to the fact that there is a constant and large arrival in this country of a European population which is not only not wanted, but is a serious public danger. The reasons which justified to public opinion the foreign contract law and the exclusion of the Chinese are conclusive as against the influx of all other undesirable and dangerous immigrants. Unfortunately, our system of high protection fosters the evil by making it the interest of the highly protected industries, while they profess that protection is a guarantee of high wages for American workmen, to bring into the country the pauper laborers of Europe. This policy and the interests of party combine to prevent the stringent legislation upon the subject which the situation demands. While the President congratulates California and the country upon the amazing progress and prosperity of America, America gradually ceases, by a vast infusion of foreign ignorance and criminality, to be America. It is not to be denied that the ease and irresponsibility with which great multitudes of strangers are admitted not only to the country, but to citizenship and the franchise, constitute one of the most pressing public questions. But no effective legislation against it is adopted, and public men who decry the evil recoil from such legislation, or lament that it is hopeless.

The New York *Evening Post* and *Times* propose respectively a discrimination, based upon knowledge of the language and ability to pay a substantial immigration tax. But the *Post* evidently regards both as counsels of perfection. Mr. F. L. Dingley, in a special report upon the subject of European immigration, which is full of important facts and statistics, shows that the immigration into the country is deteriorating in quality. He proposes strict consular inquiry in the country of departure, to which Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge would add an efficient test in reading and writing. Mr. Lodge agrees that the immigration legislation of the last Congress fell far short of what is needed. This legislative laxity is the root of the difficulty, and Mr. Lodge is undoubtedly correct in holding that the remedy lies in a public demand—more commanding than now exists—for adequate action by Congress.

The flow of immigration is threatening in many ways, but in none more than in its effect upon the suffrage. The admission of the freedmen was a serious strain upon it, as experience has proved. The corruption of the ballot-box, illustrated in the Tilden "bar'l" and the Dudley blocks of five, is another severe strain. But the addition to them of the ignorance of swarms of Poles, Bohemians, Hungarians, Russians, and Italians pouring in upon us is very serious. The absolute ignorance of our language and history, and of all our political traditions and habits, and the total want of interest in them of a vast number of the poorest foreign population of the cities, is an evil which immediately menaces the government by making the vote a mere commodity. In some of the Hungarian towns in Pennsylvania this is well understood. But as it is easier for unscrupulous partisan politicians to buy voters than to instruct them, a restriction of this kind of corruption is certain not to have their support. The terror of alienating foreign voters ties the tongues of public men generally, and the country drifts along, deploring secretly what it is apparently afraid to withstand openly. If Mr. Lodge, or any other leading member of Congress, would draft and introduce a bill containing stringent and efficient provisions, whether of entrance tax, or familiarity with the language, or responsible personal inspection, or all of these together, with others of the same purport—a bill which would practically exclude the Mafia, and persons whose coming is a public misfortune—he would find a cordial public approval and imposing support which probably he would not anticipate. Such a bill would protect the interests of constitutional liberty, and promote the general welfare.

OFFICIAL "LOYALTY."

THE spring months before the assembling of the Republican Convention of 1888 were agreeably diversified by animated discussions of the probability of the nomination of Mr. Blaine. Interviews and letters and rumors were freely published, and there were prolonged and exhaustive speculations, which have now begun again in regard to the action of next year's Convention. The son of the President is supposed to have stated that under no circumstances will Mr. Blaine consent to the use of his name next year. But the remark does not seem to be accepted as conclusive, and as a letter from Mr. Blaine upon the subject is not to be expected, the field is open for the campaign of surmise and assertion for a year at least. As a contribution to the speculation, it is comically alleged that it is not decorous or "loyal" for a member of the cabinet to permit his friends to urge his nomination against his chief if the chief desires to be renominated. But if newspapers and citizens at large of the party of administration prefer as a candidate a member of the cabinet rather than its chief, is the member honorably bound to resign, or to declare that he would not accept the nomination if it should be offered to him?

The result of this view would be a disinclination upon the part of party leaders to enter the cabinet, although a cabinet is properly assumed to be composed of such leaders. A President desirous of a second chance would summon into his cabinet all his probable competitors, and so dispose of them. Of course it is always an obligation of honor upon every member of the cabinet, as upon the President and every public officer, to take no unfair steps, such as the manipulation of patronage, to secure a nomination. But the public favor which is due to an honest discharge of official duty, and to confidence in public ability, is not to be refused as a wrong or disloyalty to the President. Renomination is not an acknowledged right of the incumbent of the Presidency. The last Republican President was defeated as a candidate for renomination, and as there is no unwritten law which requires renomination, a party leader cannot be held to be honorably bound to refuse the wishes of his friends merely because he is a member of the cabinet. The honor is equally open to all members of the party as much as it was when the actual President was selected, and the country should not be compelled to lose the services of an able head of a department one year because he does not decline to be regarded as a candidate for the Presidency another year.

The son of the President is supposed to have said that when Mr. Blaine accepted the post of Secretary of State his answer "implied in the clearest terms unquestioned and unbending fealty to the head of the administration." But if this be true, does unbending fealty require support of the head of the administration if he should desire a third term? If this question should be answered in the negative, on the ground that there is an unwritten law against a third term, the answer would be countered by the fact that there is no unwritten law for a second term. The efforts of the President's friends to prevent the nomination of Mr. Blaine, if his party desires it and he desires to run, must find some other ground than fealty to the President. If, as is now alleged, the managers of the Convention will be Messrs. Quay, Clarkson, Foraker, and "more of the same," and they wish to nominate Mr. Blaine, he will be nominated. That he is the strongest Republican leader is shown by the fact that he alone of them all condemned the McKinley tariff, insisting that reciprocity was the proper policy; and reciprocity is now the accepted policy of the party.

THE NEW MAY-DAY.

MAY-DAY in Europe is losing its traditional character of innocent gayety. It is the one day in the year on which the force of law and order, upon which civilization rests, is obliged to hold itself ready to deal with disorder and anarchy. This year, excepting in Germany, there was more or less disorder and excitement at many points throughout Europe. The tranquillity of Germany was very striking, because Germany has been the nursery of socialism, and the only serious change in the situation which is at least coincident with the general peace of May-day is the attitude of the Emperor toward industrial discontent. Bismarck was undoubtedly the symbol of forcible repression of all movements which seemed to involve the public peace, yet with his disappearance the open menaces to that peace seem also to disappear.

The May-day demonstration has not a definite purpose, except what is called an eight-hours day for labor. Such a scheme, however, is not in any comprehensive sense an industrial movement, because it can apply to but a very limited range of industry. The significance of the demonstration is discontent. The feeling extends from a vague sense of the constraints of poverty to the definite purpose of crime. There are no more ruthless enemies of industry and of all the vital conditions of civilization than those who call themselves anarchists. The knot of society must be gradually and thoughtfully unwound; it can never be cut. But anarchy offers only a sword as the solution, and is the common enemy of justice and equal rights.

The May-day demonstration, however, is not confined to anarchists, and is the natural result of a century whose chief declaration has been human equality. It is the emphatic reminder that equality is not yet practically accomplished. The word is vague, and the doctrine, if wisely expounded, would be very unsatisfactory to those who demand equality most loudly. But it is the sun at which the marksman aims. Nothing is more difficult than to determine the proportion of the sense of real wrong and mere unreasoning ignorance, utter selfishness, and criminality which compose the demonstration. The brute passion and mad thirst of revenge which produced the Reign of Terror and menaced civilization wrote for its legend, "Liberty, equality, and fraternity"—the three things which it sought to annihilate. The leaders of dynamite reform are neither humane nor just. But the Reign of Terror and its unspeakable atrocities were not a causeless phenomenon. They were a development of causes now plainly visible. The anarchic leaders of the May-day demonstration would be the worst of rulers, and their real but involuntary office is to stimulate the good sense of civilization to prevent their becoming rulers.

A LESSON FOR THE DAY.

The intelligent citizens of New York who recommended Mayor Grant as a fitting candidate for the chief officer of the city, or who voted for him, or who declined to vote against him, are responsible for the appointments which he has lately made, as well as for the rest of his official conduct. These three classes of citizens are the support of Tammany Hall, which, as Mayor Hewitt has said plainly, is a mere conspiracy for plunder. It would be interesting to know what the gentlemen who signed the paper urging the election of Mr. Grant as Mayor would answer to the question whether they thought Tammany Hall to be the best guardian of honest and efficient municipal government.

There is nothing more misleading than such a certificate as that which was issued by certain prominent citizens just before the last city election, recommending the election of Grant. There is no doubt of the eminence of the signers, of their weight in the community, and of their large stake in it. The doubt is of the reason of their action. Twenty years ago the astounding approval of the financial management of the Tweed Ring was published in the newspapers one morning. There was no question of the high character and responsibility of the gentlemen who signed it, and the certificate undoubtedly had some influence. But it was really of no more value than a certificate signed by men in the hands of robbers that the captain of the band is an honest gentleman.

The great property owners in the city are in the hands of Tammany Hall, and when they sign a paper praising the public spirit and virtue of Tammany Hall it may be the price of low taxation or other freedom from outrage. Tammany Hall is not to be judged by such certificates, but by its well-known history and familiar character. When another election arrives, if an effort should be made to emancipate the city from the control of Tammany, it would be well to reflect that such emancipation is the object, because good city government is impossible until it is accomplished.

BISHOP BROOKS.

The universal expression of public satisfaction with the election of Phillips Brooks to the Bishopric of Massachusetts is a signal tribute to a man who is felt to represent Christianity in its noblest spirit. It is not as an Episcopalian, nor as an earnest preacher, nor as a theologian and scholar, that his election is welcomed, but as a man. It is his personal character, and his career as a man of high spiritual life and aims, which are recognized as peculiarly befitting such a dignity.

The impression which Mr. Brooks has produced is not limited to a religious denomination, nor is it due to any kind of sensationalism. There are clergymen who court popularity like clowns, who are evidently always playing for applause, and who are largely responsible if in their neighborhood respect for religion declines. But without any trick whatever, and without much that always legitimately charms in oratory, Mr. Brooks is a preacher so earnest, so powerful, so simple, and so persuasive that he is universally called a great preacher, and no preacher in America is named before him.

The general and instinctive regard for him is the public feeling which such upright manhood always produces. Those who deplore his departure from the pulpit which he has made famous forget that it is Phillips Brooks who has made Trinity Church, not Trinity Church Phillips Brooks. Into his new sphere of duty he takes himself, and he preaches to a larger multitude. He will do for a diocese what hitherto he has done for a parish. His religious denomination will feel the quickening influence which comes from such a man in a position of official headship, while other denominations will rejoice to see in such a head the liberal and fraternal spirit which is the central force of Christianity.

ALWAYS WITH US.

Those whom the season of "buds and bird voices" draws into the country for the enjoyment of nature may well remember those who cannot get out of the sick-room even to enjoy spring in the streets of the city. There is a constant opportunity for cheering the sick and the suffering in the hospitals and other houses of relief offered by the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society. It asks for illustrated papers, books, novels, magazines, and German reading of all kinds for distribution. The society has furnished reading matter gratuitously to one hundred and thirty-six institutions during the year, especially to the large hospitals, prisons, etc., on the "Islands," where boxes of books and papers are sent weekly, and are eagerly and gratefully read.

Gifts of reading matter may be sent to No. 21 University Place.

THE CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL.

Our issue of last week, containing an illustrated description of the new Carnegie Music Hall, appeared on the day of the opening. That event was in every way successful, not only in the character of the address of dedication, the excellence of the performance, and the general prestige of the occasion, but in the demonstration of the admirable acoustic quality of the hall. New York has now a fitting music hall, which she owes to one of her most prosperous citizens, who has put into beneficent practice his doctrine that rich men should themselves be the executors of their bounty for the public advantage.

There has been no hall in the city so brilliant and so attractive for musical purposes as the new room since the Tripler Hall of forty years ago, on Broadway opposite Bond Street, in which Jenny Lind, Alboni, Anna Bishop, and Catherine Hayes, with other noted artists, sang. The new Carnegie hall is exceedingly brilliant, spacious, and convenient, without the sense of bareness which is sometimes the misfortune of great rooms, and on the first evening there was no mischance to mar the happy effect. Bishop Potter's address was very felicitous, and gave suitable dignity to the occasion, and the chorus in the "Old Hundred" doxology and "America" was noble and impressive.

Mr. Tschaikowsky, as the guest of honor, was received with great acclamation, and instantly captured the audience by the masterly conduct of the orchestra in the performance of his impressive and richly "orchestrated" march. Mr. Walter Damrosch was welcomed in a manner which showed the kind regard in which he is held. But it was impossible not to regret deeply that in Theodore Thomas the city has lost one of the greatest of living conductors just as the music hall is finished. Signor Campanini sang the solo in the *Te Deum* of Berlioz with admirable skill and dignity. The *Te Deum* itself does more to justify the performance of the music of Berlioz than his works generally. It was, indeed, an evening of great pleasure, to which the sense of satisfaction in so adequate a music hall largely contributed.

FROM FLORENCE.

A private letter from an old American resident of Florence, in Italy, says:

> "We who live over here have had the mortifying duty to explain as best we can that unfortunate affair at New Orleans. The most singular part of the matter is the apparent indifference of the Italians themselves—in this part of Italy at least. When I read the American and English papers on the subject it is difficult for me to realize that I am in Italy. Not a single Italian, either here or in Rome, has referred to the matter in my hearing. They are all without exception as polite, and receive Americans with the usual welcome.
>
> "The Italians who emigrate to America are mostly from southern Italy and Sicily, and there is still an undercurrent of prejudice against them on the part of the Tuscans and other northern Italians. It is with the English that we Americans are put on the defensive in the discussion. In conversation with me a prominent Italian lawyer referred to the conduct of the two governments, and spoke of the bluster necessary for such an occasion in order to make a due impression upon the nations and for home effect. He said that war was out of the question, if for no other reason, because Italy is too poor to indulge in the luxury. He advises, like many other intelligent Italians with whom I have talked, that we prohibit the importation of any more of 'the scum of Europe.'"

THE NEW ORLEANS GRAND JURY.

The action of the Grand Jury in New Orleans in regard to the Italian massacre will surprise no one. It is a revelation of the practical overthrow of lawful justice by a criminal conspiracy, and a confession that unlawful violence and bloodshed was the only method of restoring civilized order. The Grand Jury indict none of the mob who shot the prisoners, pleading that it was not the act of a mob, but of the whole community. Public intelligence, the courts, civilization, were unable to deal effectively with the emergency, and the slaughter in the prison, in the view of the Grand Jury, had the excuse of rightful revolution. The report of the jury says:

> "Law is truly regarded as the embodiment of the wisdom of all ages, and its just execution the safeguard of society by the punishment of transgressors; its just execution expresses the will of the people in condemnation of crime; but where this lofty principle is contemned by the practice of assassination for revenge or spite, and concealment under the most binding oaths renders powerless the efforts of the law to reach the chief actors and to secure witnesses, it becomes the duty of the people, in the exercise of their sovereign rights, to issue their decree of condemnation."

The danger of this plea lies in its vagueness. Who are the people who may decide when the law has failed and when justice has miscarried? Were the hundreds or thousands of citizens who assembled at the Clay statue "the people" who might rightfully decide? If some thousands of Knights of Labor should assemble in Madison Square and decide that justice had miscarried in the trial of one of their number, would they be "the people" who may rightfully "issue their decree of condemnation" against somebody and proceed to "execute" it? If a crowd of hundreds or thousands of citizens of New Orleans assembled at the Clay statue should decide that the Louisiana Lottery Company bribed courts and juries and Legislatures, might they properly proceed to "execute" their decree of condemnation against the officers of the company?

There is no appeal from the action of the Grand Jury, and the State of Louisiana will probably do nothing in reparation of the massacre. It remains for the United States to decide whether indemnity of any kind shall be paid. Meanwhile there is one remark of the Grand Jury which will command universal assent. It is that which emphasizes the necessity of more stringent regulation of immigration. If, as the report implies, our present laws permit an influx of foreigners which paralyzes civilized order, and justifies the shooting of unarmed prisoners in jail, it is high time that such an influx were stopped.

PERSONAL.

A picture which interested a great many of those of the six hundred or so who visited F. D. Millet's studio one afternoon last week to see his new paintings was a full-length portrait of himself in the picturesque costume of a war correspondent. Mr. Millet's reputation as a painter has made people forget his past reputation as an artist in black and white for the London *Graphic*, and as a writer for the *Daily News*. He followed the Russian troops until the fall of Plevna, and was twice decorated by the Czar—once for assisting voluntarily in aiding the wounded while under fire, and again for suggesting a plan to transport the troops across a river blocked with ice, which allowed one regiment to cross dry shod. The men of this same regiment in consequence won a battle, while those who had waded were frozen too severely to be of service.

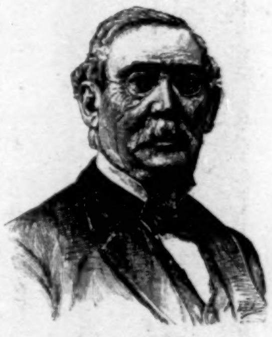
—The last member of the famous Borgia family, a street mendicant, died recently near Salzburg, Austria, and was buried at the Emperor's expense.

—Burne-Jones, the English artist, gives his vivid imagination play in his last picture, "Earthrise in Moonland." Reversing the usual order of things, the picture represents the big earth rising on the moon's horizon, and casting shadows on the arid surface of the smaller planet. In the foreground, resting on a ledge, are the bones of a monstrous man—the last inhabitant of the moon. The artist's conception is startling and the interpretation weird.

—Milk and poetry may generally be considered as widely disassociated as titled swelldom and the dairy business. The British poet-laureate, however, like love in *Pinafore*, "levels all ranks" by running a "milk route" in the west side, Isle of Wight, where bright, newly painted milk carts, bearing the name "Alfred, Lord Tennyson," may be seen daily. Lovers of poetry are possibly shocked by this apparent unfitness of things, but the babies will not care so long as the milk is sweet.

—The body of Boron Drais, who is supposed by some to have invented the bicycle, and who died over thirty years ago, was removed the other day from an obscure resting-place, and given burial among the tombs of illustrious Germans at Carlsruhe. A funeral cortége of about four hundred persons of both sexes, mounted on bicycles of all classes, and wearing the uniform of their respective clubs, followed the body to the grave.

—William C. Martin, who died at his home in this city, May 4th, began in 1822, when he was eleven years old, to learn the printing business in an office on the Bowery, and in 1835 had an establishment of his own. He was, therefore, one of the oldest employing printers in New York, and for his uniform honesty and kindly treatment of his employés, was held in high esteem by members of the craft. He belonged to the original Typothetæ, and, when that body was reorganized, became its president, retaining this office and his deep interest in the organization till his death. Mr. Martin was for a time the publisher of the New York *Evangelist*, and in 1851 established his printing-office at No. 111 John Street. He was for many years a member of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, and was actively interested in religious and philanthropic work. Mr. Martin was a victim of the "grip," pneumonia following an attack of the prevailing scourge, and closing a well-rounded and useful life.



—Joseph Jefferson and his family have already gone to their summer home at Buzzard's Bay, on the Massachusetts coast, and base-ball is at once looking up in that section. The Joe Jefferson Ball Nine has been reorganized, and is prepared to meet and defeat the Mattapoisett Clam-Diggers, the Wareham Whalers, or any other rural aspirants for base-ball honors in the vicinity.

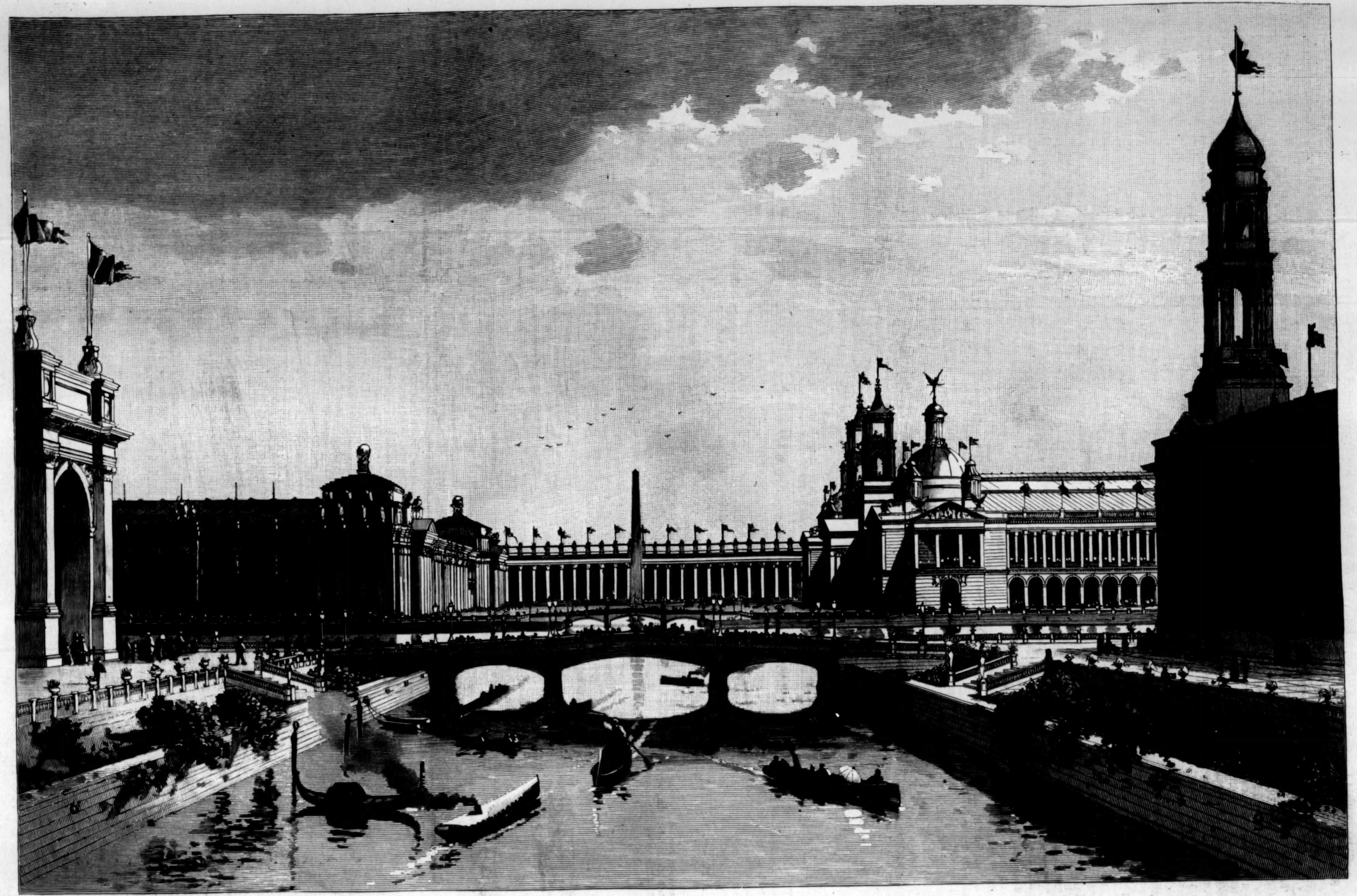
—Ex-Governor Paul Dillingham, who appointed Mr. Edmunds to the United States Senate a quarter of a century ago, is still alive, and lives at his home in Waterbury, Vermont. When Senator Edmunds resigned recently, he paid his old friend a graceful compliment by sending him a copy of his formal resignation.

—Walt Whitman is very closely confined to his house, and when he was wheeled out in his chair the other day he caught a bad cold. He dislikes doctors, but one had to be called, and now the old poet is better. His mental vigor seems unimpaired.

—Hon. S. M. Bell, of Washington, who was nominated for Vice-President on the National Abolitionist ticket in 1831, and is now a recorder in the Pension Office, has made all the arrangements for a cheap disposal of his body when he dies. It is to be cremated, and the ashes placed in an urn that cost $1 50. Mr. Bell estimates that the expenses of his burial will not be over $25 or $30.

—People scoffed at the late Dr. Eben Toujée, of Boston, when he proposed the great Peace Jubilee chorus of 1869; but he carried it out with success, and then overtopped his triumph with the World's Peace Jubilee of 1874, when nearly twenty thousand singers were brought together. Dr. Toujée was known all over this country and Europe as the director of the New England Conservatory of Music, but no one would have predicted fifty-six years ago that the little boy working in a Rhode Island calico-printing factory was destined for the musical eminence which he afterward reached.

—Talcott Williams, the leading editorial writer of the Philadelphia *Press*, who has won so pleasant a reputation as an after-dinner speaker, was born in Turkey, his father being a well-known American missionary. His education, after coming to this country, was obtained at Phillips (Andover) Academy and Amherst College. He worked his way in college by doing chores for the professors and others, and tells with zest of the time when he took care of President Seelye's horse. Mr. Williams, instead of following the present tendency toward specialization, has aimed to know as much as possible about everything, the result being a most accurate and remarkably broad information, on subjects as widely different as Sanskrit, yachting, and the tariff. He is extremely methodical in the accumulation and preservation of such information for future use, and his collection of clippings and other materials is large and valuable. Notwithstanding poor health, Mr. Williams manages to do a great deal of work, and during a portion of the summer he and his wife find pleasant recreation and rest at their cottage in Marion, Massachusetts. Last summer they travelled alone in the more unknown regions of North Africa.



VIEW LOOKING SOUTH THROUGH THE LAGOON OF THE COLUMBIAN FAIR, SHOWING FACES OF ELECTRICITY AND MANUFACTURERS' BUILDINGS AND BRIDGES, WITH OBELISK IN THE DISTANCE.—Drawn from Accepted Plans by J. D. Woodward.—[See Page 372.]

NOWADAYS

BY GEORGE A. HIBBARD.

NOWADAYS. The sunlight falls with more than autumnal brilliancy upon the front of a house not so far from Washington Square that a glimpse cannot be caught of the yellowing trees.

As Philip Santvoord steps out of the doorway he glances at the old butler who, after giving him his hat and cane, stands with one hand on the outer-door knob, in an attitude of perfect deference, yet without losing that scarce latent look which shows that such as he grow old with increasing doubt and live mainly to state objections. He had been in the house in the time of Philip's father. He was as much an inheritance as was the "Juno" Madeira, and as incrusted with fine old habitudes as were the bottles of that incomparable wine with incremental dust; as much an inheritance as were the Copley portraits—for Philip's father, notwithstanding the name, was a New-Englander; and in such an old family servant certain inward reservations semi-openly expressed, as to the doings of Philip's generation in general and Philip's doings in particular, were only natural and to be expected.

"The flowers will be sent as I directed?"

"Yes, Mr. Philip."

"And Wilson is to be around with the cart at half past five—not five, mind."

"Yes, Mr. Philip."

A great deal might happen, as Santvoord knew, before afternoon, a great deal of vital importance to him, but that was no reason why any one—nowadays—should bother himself by disarranging the programme of his day; half an hour was certainly a great enough concession.

Philip paused for a moment and then added, "That will be all."

The old butler, disapprobation in every line of his face, shedding protest, so to speak, from each shoulder, turned and shut the door with a moderate bang, which sounded like a well-bred ban upon all modern devices.

As Philip walked with quick but unhurried tread along the cross street, his lips just moved and he hummed to himself the latest plaintive melody that had been wafted across the world from some London music hall. A score of things awaited his attention down-town; he had every reason to walk with a heavy heart and bent brow, but still he hummed and whistled the simple air, as pretty and as common as the little singer who had first given it success at "The Empire" or "The Alhambra," with the aspect of a man who had not a care in the world. Is it not to-day—nowadays—when no obtruding thought should distract, no intruding memory weaken; when the present is the focus of so much that there is no time for regret or apprehension? And so Santvoord walked briskly along the narrow side street, filled with the animation of the late-stirring city life, cheerfully, almost gayly ready to meet what the day had in store for him—like the school-master of Lynn when he confronted the jury that was to give him life or death, "equal to either fortune."

It might certainly be thought a trifle agitating to begin the day with the consciousness that before nightfall one may be either a pauper or a millionaire, with the chances largely in favor of the former. And this was the predicament in which Santvoord found himself; this the prospect he was compelled to face on this particular morning. Yet it all seemed to him in the regular order of things, for none more thoroughly than he lived the life of his time, when all is possible and anything probable—if it be only sufficiently strange and sudden—and when such change as might come to him he felt would be strictly "all in the day's work" of the day—of to-day.

For the day was a part of these strange days in which we live, and the exact moment in which he was living and breathing and having his being was a small fraction of that most marvellous of all time—the time that we know as nowadays.

Nowadays.

Nowadays, when the world spins so very rapidly down the "grooves of time" that a strange vertigo makes us light-headed; nowadays, when the beliefs, the hopes, the fears that have brought us so far are cast by the road-side as *impedimenta* in the on-rush; nowadays, when we have "changed all that," and change is but the beginning of change. Nowadays, when the clash of battle is the loudest, the contest the fiercest, the weapons of longest range and keenest edge; when gunpowder seems slow and dynamite almost ineffective, when heroism abides although chivalry is gone, when sacrifice exists although policy controls. Nowadays, when the pace is so great that to stumble is to be overrun, but when failure yesterday may be success to-day or at latest to-morrow. Nowadays, which is like all other days and yet so much unlike any. Nowadays, when every day does wonders the sight of which would have made Prospero break his staff, and "drown" his book deeper "than did ever plummet sound."

Nowadays.

Nowadays, when nothing is so distant that it may not touch you; nothing, however close, so near that you can wholly understand its consequences. Nowadays, when the difficulties of a South American republic can convulse European money centres, can embarrass the American financial world, and can on this morning send Philip Santvoord, an American citizen, resident in this city of New York, running up the stairs leading to that iron chalet on stilts known as the —— Street station of the Sixth Avenue "elevated" at quicker pace than he would have used if there had been no such trouble; for so remote, so near, so quick are causes, so widespread, so ramified their consequences—nowadays.

If in nothing else, Santvoord differed from most of his contemporaries in this—he thought very little about himself; he hardly ever had time. He had always been in and of, lived too thoroughly, the complex life of nowadays—was too much a part of the time—to recognize how characteristic he really was; for to be so completely absorbed in a thing, so assimilated with all around, is to lose self-consciousness, to become insensible, as it were, of one's own identity. Therefore he did not recognize anything exceptional in his position this morning, considering it, if he gave it exact thought at all, only something uncomfortable, something slightly disturbing, yet natural and quite as it ought to be. How could it, all things considered, possibly be otherwise when, with all else, the desires, demands, needs of nowadays beset and possess men as did the devils of old, inexorable imps that no exorcism can cast out? Had not his inheritance—the fortune old Santvoord had derived from his lazy-going China trade, and which had once looked so magnificent—become, in comparison with the wealth of nowadays, something really inconsiderable? And would he not be recreant to the faith and duty of his order if he did not take the field and seek to win as others all about him were doing?

Rushing along in mid-air, the crowded glittering street below, the empty glowing sky above; with stretches of unequal roofs on either side leading the eye to a horizon jagged with towers and chimneys, or now shut in between walls that blocked the view, it seemed to Santvoord, as it has seemed to others even less imaginative, that he was being lightly borne through space, in a magical realization in practical nowadays of the flying carpet of Scheherezade's tale. Glancing about the car, he nodded to three or four men whom he knew, noticing as he did this, more than one wrinkled brow and thoughtful, absent look. A panic was imminent. Before the gas had blazed or the electric lights had shone the evening previous, the news of the turn in affairs had been flashed up town. It had been an anxious day, the market had been unsteady, and there had been a shiver of apprehension. At night, hotel corridors had been crowded with curious or excited men; droppings of wisdom, wise "I-told-you-so's," were frequent in the smoking-rooms of all the clubs. This morning the excitement had the quiet of intensity, and men were hastening "down town" with the aspect of reserves hurried on to a doubtful battle-field.

The evident but suppressed agitation of those about him was assuring to Santvoord. He felt as the duellist might when he sees his adversary tremble as he comes on the ground. These whom he knew in the car, or such as these, were to be his adversaries, and to one of his instincts, his training, his time—to one living nowadays—to whom the philosophy of him of Malmesbury, that life is warfare, seems practically true—any sign of weakness in humanity, which to him existed only to be overcome, gave a certain stringent pleasure. He himself felt no fear, no point of alarm touched him, no shade of apprehension stole over any faculty; there was a strain of exhilaration rather—exhilaration such as is sometimes given by the spur of keen pain. He might have to give up everything, even the city he loved so well—the city that held no secrets from him; that he knew with knowledge so inwrought in his nature as to seem almost instinct—the knowledge the Indian has of the prairie, the Arab of the desert; the knowledge that only the long-dweller in a city can obtain of the peopled wilderness it in one sense is. He might have to give up the costly appliances of this incongruous modern life—that life in which the vestiges of yesterday and the aspects of to-day are so strangely mingled in one mass of anomalousness; he might be compelled to yield up all considerable place in the harlequin existence of nowadays, when the world, counting by its centuries, will soon pass from its "teens," and, with the exultant joy of a young prodigal, at last come into full possession of its own, stand ready for a "good time," but still rather appalled by the thought of grave responsibilities and great possibilities.

"Bleecker!" called the conductor.

The shout startled him. He must soon leave the train.

And Madeleine? With all the force with which a thought that we have striven to disregard and keep down finally asserts itself, with all the confused arrearage of doubt, dismay, and conjecture with which such a thought at last arises, the idea of Madeleine Verschoyle suddenly arose in his mind, and filled it to the exclusion of all else. He thought of her as he had seen her at the opera the night before. The party with which she came had entered late, and as she slowly advanced to the front of the box before unoccupied—the only break and vacancy in the whole glittering tier—he, turning with many another, saw her, and for the thousandth time thought how noticeable if not beautiful she was; for there was nothing accustomed in her aspect; only a beholder with all modern perceptions, informed by all modern acquirement, could really realize her loveliness. To the untaught, the *unilluminati* of the time, her face was illegible, her grace mere motion. She was often thought "plain" by those who "seeing, could not see." The subtle charm, the ever-new surprise which breaks forth in ever-varying expression, the quick look of sudden and complete apprehension, the smile radiant with some glad idea, the manner woven in finest tissue, its warp of natural tendencies, its woof spun from the world's best experiences—these in her were as nothing to most, but Santvoord had recognized her at once for what she was, an heiress "of all the ages," and in full possession of her freehold. She was as thoroughly a creature of the day as he was himself, and he knew it. She said of herself that she was modern, and she rejoiced in it.

"I am *enfant de fin de siècle*," she had once said, and the phrase had often been repeated.

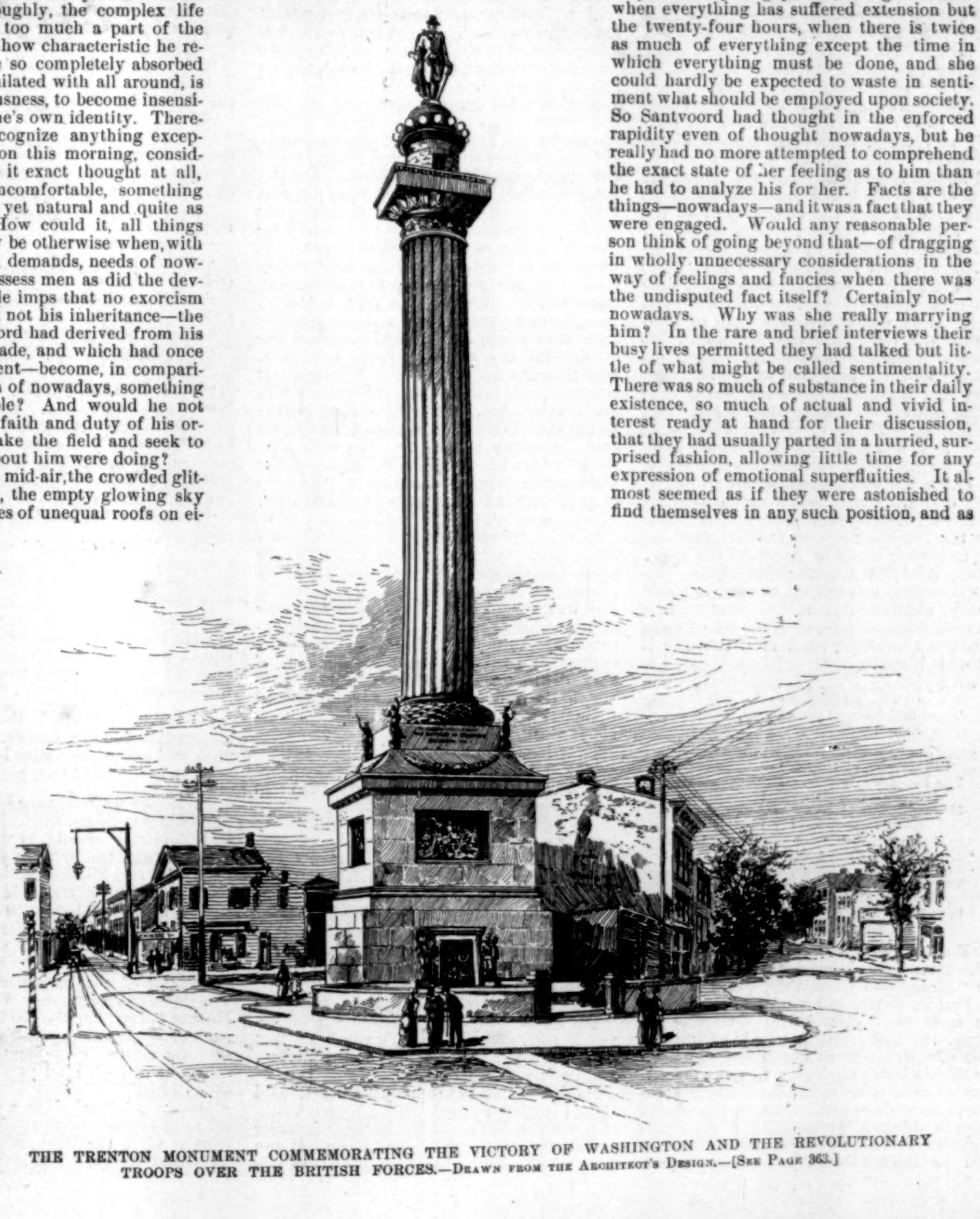
When Santvoord for the first time met her and took her in to dinner, she had allowed him to ask questions, while she only gave answers—the safer opening, a sort of queen's gambit in the game, all things considered; but as she rose she turned swiftly upon him, and without prelude or provocation said, simply,

"I wish you would come and see me."

And now they were engaged.

It had been "announced" for some time, and had received society's fullest approval; for was he not one whose position was unexceptionable, and whose prospects were excellent?

Loss, failure, ruin, might very well mean the annulment of their betrothal; for Santvoord, if he indulged in illusions about anything, certainly entertained none about himself. He had never looked upon the engagement in any other than a very practical way. He never thought that Madeleine cared for him with any of the absorbing, unreasoning fervor of the lovelorn maiden of unmitigated romance. She had too many interests in her busy life to make that possible. She was no simple Marguerite, who might make answer that she had "time enough" to think of him; indeed, he doubted if she lost any time in such weak and unbecoming way. She was a very modern young person, living in a time when everything has suffered extension but the twenty-four hours, when there is twice as much of everything except the time in which everything must be done, and she could hardly be expected to waste in sentiment what should be employed upon society. So Santvoord had thought in the enforced rapidity even of thought nowadays, but he really had no more attempted to comprehend the exact state of her feeling as to him than he had to analyze his for her. Facts are the things—nowadays—and it was a fact that they were engaged. Would any reasonable person think of going beyond that—of dragging in wholly unnecessary considerations in the way of feelings and fancies when there was the undisputed fact itself? Certainly not—nowadays. Why was she really marrying him? In the rare and brief interviews their busy lives permitted they had talked but little of what might be called sentimentality. There was so much of substance in their daily existence, so much of actual and vivid interest ready at hand for their discussion, that they had usually parted in a hurried, surprised fashion, allowing little time for any expression of emotional superfluities. It almost seemed as if they were astonished to find themselves in any such position, and as



THE TRENTON MONUMENT COMMEMORATING THE VICTORY OF WASHINGTON AND THE REVOLUTIONARY TROOPS OVER THE BRITISH FORCES.—Drawn from the Architect's Design.—[See Page 363.]

if it made them, what neither had ever been before, a little shy and awkward.

As he looked back upon it now, it seemed to him that there had been, after all, an unsatisfying poverty in their relations, a "thinness," a lack of "tone," something wanting. He glanced out of the window impatiently, as one looks quickly around when thought annoys. How the signs of the shops and offices were crowded on the walls! He felt that it would have been better if he—if she had not taken everything so much as a matter of course. And then he stared along the car. But could it have been helped? What else would have been possible—nowadays? In a week or less it all probably would be ended, and so what did it matter? She had undoubtedly said "yes" so promptly when he had so abruptly asked the question over which so many coyly, doubtfully hesitate, for the reason that he was so plainly "suitable"; but now should his suitableness be ended there would be no reason why the affair should go on. Strange that what had been hitherto satisfactory should suddenly appear so incomplete! Perhaps she had only consented to marry him because her father had wished her to do so, for that such was the paternal desire had been very clear to Santvoord from the first. Old Verschoyle, as every one knew, was "temporarily embarrassed." But there had never been a time within the memory of the oldest diner-out when Verschoyle had not been "temporarily embarrassed"—in such embarrassment, however, as did not interfere with his consumption of viand or vintage, with his country house or his city house, his membership of the best clubs, or even the maintenance of a very creditable racing stable. His was one of those remarkable existences in which ways and means seem wholly incommensurate with conditions and results, one of those who nowadays appear to possess some substitute for that old horn of plenty which its owner could fill at will with whatever he desired. But everybody—that wonderful aggregation; that civil *Vehmgericht* which, in perpetual session and with unappealable decision, passes nowadays upon everything; that undefined, intangible entity which appears to have almost assumed plain, even if multiplied personality—knew that with Verschoyle's death there would come an end of all these good things; for no likeness to the horn of old fable can pass as personalty to next of kin, nor can the chameleon power to draw sustenance from the air, or rather canvas-back duck and diamond-back terrapin from their elements, be given by last will and testament. And none knew better than the old man himself how fearfully near that formidable end always was. What was to become of Madeleine? She had various aunts, estimable maiden ladies, living in a small Georgian town, but would it be possible for this radiant creature to lead other than the modish life to which she had always been accustomed? Verschoyle would certainly have thought it no more possible for her to so change existence than for himself; and what, concluded Santvoord, as the train swung around a sharp corner and almost seemed to graze the crumbling edge of the blackened building, could be more natural than the arrangement of the match by this highly presentable sinner, this upper-worldling of threescore—of the marriage of his only child to his "dear young friend Santvoord," who could now and then so easily let him into a "good thing," and whose methods were so thoroughly the masculine complement of his daughter's modes? And so, he thought, his fortune and his lady-love might be taken from him together. Some Sir Marmaduke riding away on a "milk-white steed," and bidding farewell at once to his ancestral acres and a somewhat lachrymose Lady Alice, might excite interest if not respect; but Philip Santvoord hurrying down town on the "elevated," uncertain whether he may not lose a fortune sufficient to have reinstated any Sir Marmaduke and have bought out the adjoining estate of Lady Alice's noble father, doubtful whether Madeleine Verschoyle would be constant to him, is really a very matter-of-fact figure. But such is the unfairness of fate, such the lot of those who live nowadays, when even romance is not what it was.

"Gone are the plumes and pennons gay
Of young Romance;
There linger but her ruins gray,
And broken lance.

"'Tis a new world—no more to maid,
Warrior, or bard is homage paid;
The bay-tree's, laurel's, myrtle's shade
Men's thoughts resign;
Heaven placed us here to vote and trade,
Twin tasks divine!

* * * * * * *

"Empires to-day are upside down;
The castle kneels before the town;
The monarch fears a printer's frown
A brickbat's range;
Give me, in preference to a crown,
Five shillings change."

"Rector Street," shouted the conductor.

As Santvoord hurried up Broadway to the "Street"—so great that, like the King of France, it requires no title—the drays, the carts, the lighter business wagons, the stages, rumbled, rattled, toiled, or dashed over the pavement as usual; the crowd on the sidewalk was no denser, no more hurried than on other mornings. Broadway, the avenue that leads to a continent, was as always ugly, bristling, inspiriting. But the scant street itself—highway to success, thoroughfare to failure—wore uncommon aspect. Messenger boys run in and out, through agitated hundreds; clerks with anxious, almost frightened look, hasten up and down and across the narrow way; the continuous clatter of telegraph instruments, as the rattle of infantry fire in the contest after the skirmishers have been driven in, can almost be heard on the sidewalk. Men can hardly avoid collision in their haste. Some meet, stop, and, while speaking with one another, are pushed apart by hurrying numbers, or are driven to the gutter, where a broken sentence is finished, or perhaps, in subdued whispers, some eager questions put. The great desire is for information; knowledge of anything, everything, that can in the remotest way indicate how things are going; even the drifting straws of gossip that can show how the wind—that may be a squall, that may be a tornado—is blowing are eagerly caught up, and minute by minute from all over the world pour in "cables" giving orders, asking questions, bearing advice, admonition, injunction; offering support, withdrawing aid; carrying hope, creating despair. News from Threadneedle Street, reports from the Bourse, the funds falling, *rentes* going down. There is excitement the world over; in dark Hamburg counting-rooms, in hot Calcutta banks, the effects of the financial shock have been felt, and everywhere the outcome of this day is awaited anxiously, for nowadays the peoples of the earth are bound together by golden ties, and what ambition, faith, fanaticism, or the theories of men have failed to accomplish, the need or greed of gain has done, and the world is now really united in the great Federation of Trade. With the opening of the Exchange more would be known; the test of actual transaction might prove much. As the time approaches, the steps of the building are crowded, the street in front almost blocked. Along the sidewalk, up and down, are looser clusters and groups of excited men. It is a strange gathering. Only nowadays can its like be seen; so many so moved by such really sordid motives, uninfluenced for one instant by the slightest consideration of the general weal or woe; a struggling, agitated mass, each stirred only by his own self-interest; a throng without the significance evident and felt when thousands pulsate to the beat of some single thought, some dominant idea, when assemblages of men have the impressiveness of Niagara. It is little if anything more than a well dressed rabble. But what matter? A crusade never created anything, it only destroyed. Philanthropy never built a city or a railroad. It is "business" that does the business, and "business" is the business nowadays.

Perplexing, bewildering nowadays!

As Santvoord sits at his table in his rooms in the Universal Trust Building the noises from without can only be heard as a distant murmur. While he tears open despatches and glances at letters, he loses for the minute acute consciousness of what at least is a crisis important to him.

And now the hour of opening had come and passed. Every one is selling, selling, madly, wildly, and prices are going down. If this continues all is lost, and panic, and all that panic entails, must follow. Men set their teeth and wait, uncertain what the next minute may bring; while all of them pray for the hour when strife must cease, and there may be chance to count the loss or gain. A point is touched below any the most embittered "bear" had imagined possible, and consternation drives all in rout before it. Margins that were thought more than ample have been swallowed up, and a second line of defence has in many cases been lost. Philip feels that all is over. The last call has strained every resource, and the next will find him helpless. There is nothing further he can do. Matters have passed beyond his control; only a sudden rise can save him. He feels that it would be a relief to lock the door, let the storm rage, and not receive news of its progress until all was over and decided.

In a large breakfast-room in an up-town house, from the broad bow-window of which patches of the greensward of the Park could be seen, a young girl was seated facing an old man, the gleaming breakfast service on the table at which they sat. Although so different in age, in the face of each was the same expression of indefinite dissatisfaction, of very definite restlessness—the lines with which the present makes its sign-manual upon its own, the hall-mark with which nowadays attests its product.

Exacting, absorbing nowadays!

The old man threw down the paper at which he had just glanced; it fell upon others that he had already cast aside.

"It looks ominous," he said; "but it may be only a scare, a flurry, after all."

"Why should we distress ourselves?" asked the girl, carelessly. "What have we to do with the stock market?"

"No one," answered Verschoyle, "is so high or so low that he can affect to disregard what happens there—not nowadays."

"Nowadays!" half-exclaimed Madeleine, contemptuously. "Your fetich."

"Yes, nowadays," interrupted Verschoyle; "and no one worships the fetich more devoutly than yourself. Don't you boast that you live only in the present, with the present, and for the present?"

"I don't think I ever made it a boast," said the girl, quietly.

"But you have said it," he replied, rather petulantly; "and it is a good thing that you have felt it. If you had been other than you are, I would not have felt so secure about you. You know my position."

"We have always been in a 'position,'" said the girl. "I suppose we shall find enough to eat. Pretty much every one does."

"Eat!" exclaimed Verschoyle, impatiently. "Eat! There are appetites sharper than hunger nowadays; needs, necessaries of life, more to such as you and I than food and drink. Eat! As if luxuries were not your necessities! You—one of the most artificial creatures that ever existed—a young woman of to-day!"

"I wonder if I am?" said the girl.

"You? You'd die from want if you couldn't have what wealth gives. That is the reason why I was in favor of this engagement with young Santvoord. It had to be. *Noblesse oblige*. A weak motto. We've a better, truer, stronger: The times compel. I've always lived up to it and lived by it, and so have you and Santvoord. Everybody said he was rich; not so rich as some, but rich enough to keep you from what would be destitution to you. I thought it was for the best; but now—"

"Now?" said Madeleine, quickly looking up. "What do you mean?"

"Mean?" said the old man, fretfully. "I mean that he would not let well enough alone; that, like all the rest of us, he has been trying it on in stocks, and is likely to be hard hit, even if he does not lose all he has. I heard all about it at the club last night, and if there is a panic to-day—"

The girl did not notice that her father did not finish the sentence. She sat gazing intently, vacantly, out of the window.

"What do you say to that?" asked Verschoyle.

"Is there anything for me to say?"

"You cannot marry a poor man."

Madeleine did not speak.

"It is impossible for such as you—nowadays," said the father.

"What do you know about me?" demanded the daughter, quickly.

"Enough to know that," he answered, in slight astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," said the girl, "I have learned a great deal in the last few weeks. You have been too much occupied to know much about me. We are all too much occupied to know much about each other."

"Slightly heroic in manner," he remonstrated, "and altogether out of place."

"Nowadays," she added, rather scornfully. "But I am not heroic or melodramatic."

"You are very strange this morning."

"I am not. I am myself. I can easily understand that I may seem strange to you. Absolutely you know nothing about me. You cannot say what I would or what I would not do."

"Would you marry Philip Santvoord without a penny?"

She did not answer.

"If you would," he said, "I would not consent to it. I know too well the trouble, the misery that would follow."

She was still silent.

"You," he continued—"none of us, can change a nature. You have the hunger of to-day for all that to-day can give, and without wealth that hunger cannot be appeased."

"Philip," she suddenly asked, "is in trouble?"

"Unquestionably."

"He has not told me that he feared trouble."

"Would such a one as he be apt to do so—nowadays?" sneered the old man.

The girl arose as if to leave the room.

"You are going out?" asked the father.

"Yes."

"True, I had forgotten. You must see Mrs. Thirleston to-day. Her dinners begin in a fortnight. As you have said, it is important that you should be at the first; especially if S. A. R. is there, as he surely will be if he comes to this country. Give her my profoundest regards if you see her."

"I will," said Madeleine, "if I see her."

"Miss Verschoyle said I was to give this to you and to no one else," said a servant who wore the long coat and banded hat of a footman belonging to a "smart" establishment as he held out a note to Santvoord.

With the first touch of nervousness that he had shown, Santvoord tore open the envelope, and read the few hurried words written upon the enclosed card almost at a glance.

"I am in the coupé in the street. If it is possible for you to get away, follow Jackson, who will bring you where I am. I want to see you as soon as I can, please. M."

Madeleine wished to see him, and at once. Why not do as she asked? Perhaps it would be better that he should, let what would come. He could do little by remaining; things had passed beyond his control.

Again in the street. The tumult is unabated; it is even intensified. Where such interests contend, where such tremendous game is being played, no man, not even a mere spectator, can stand near and not catch something of the excitement of the hour. The sidewalks are more crowded than before. Human beings, too absorbed to feel their existence, flow in currents and counter-currents, or eddy around some central point where some one of their kind proclaims something—anything.

Money and time. Here a group with faces set in rigid lines stand silent, expectant, uncertain what the next minute may bring. Time and money! A moment, an hour, hundreds or thousands or millions, as may befit the particular needs.

Santvoord and the footman, with many a sturdy push, struggle through the throng, and gain the quiet of the upper part of the street. But the man does not stop here. Pausing for a moment on the curbstone at Broadway, he awaits a chance to make his way through the flood of vehicles that struggle and crush along the pavement, and then, followed closely by Santvoord, hurries quickly across.

In front of the great grim church that stands with fixed gaze looking down Wall Street, like a friar of "orders gray," threatening and admonitory, in front of that church that stands as Savonarola might have stood, pausing before declamation against the luxury and greed of an older capital, Santvoord saw drawn up to the sidewalk an accurately equipped coupé which he recognized as the Verschoyle carriage.

Just beyond the high iron fence, within the church-yard, was Madeleine herself. Without speaking, he walked with her down one of the gravel-paths that run among the sallow gravestones.

"Do you think that what I have done is strange?" she asked, when the din of the street was slightly diminished by the distance.

"Yes—no," answered Santvoord, hesitatingly.

"I think it is," said Madeleine. "It certainly is the last thing in the world that I would have thought I would do."

Philip did not speak.

"I heard that you were in trouble," she continued, "and I came."

He glanced at her in quick surprise.

"I knew that you would be surprised," she went on; "I am surprised myself. It is not what I would think any one of us would do—nowadays."

It was the word that so often that day had run in his mind, like the rattling refrain of a careless song.

Nowadays.

He knew that in the great room of the not-distant building men were already shouting in contest, in conflict strenuous almost as actual warfare. He knew that on that field, men animated only by the one passion for gain, with firm set mouths and rigid brows, were struggling in such absorbing intensity of strife that consciousness of time, space, life, of everything but gain, gain, was lost. And all this hardly more than a block away, while here, as a child's fingers might part and play with the gray hair of age, the wind shook and dallied with the sere grasses of autumn bristling around the gravestones, and the mild sunlight fell through the thinning leaves of the trees as if in smiling benediction upon those who knew no contention in their rest. No graveyard upon a country hill-side was more peaceful.

Confused, conflicting nowadays!

"I wanted to tell you that I was sorry," continued Madeleine. "We have never, I think, known each other very well, and I thought that you might not know"—and she, the girl whom hitherto no embarrassment could discomfit, no surprise startle, hesitated—"that I was sorry."

"Thank you," said Philip, simply. "Then you really care?"

"Why, do you not know—now?" and she looked quickly up.

"I did not know. How could I?" he answered. "I will know now. I could not bear to doubt it. And, Madeleine—"

"I think," she interrupted, "that I have wanted to tell you a long time that I cared;" and as she turned quickly away, she did not see the light of gladness that shone in his eyes.

"And," he said, "even if everything else went, there would still be—"

"Everything, I hope," she interrupted again, and she held out her hand, which he seized and held in both his.

"Madeleine," he almost whispered.

"I think," she said—it was a strange waywardness, for she would not let him speak now—"that we have been living in some strange mistake. We all do nowadays. And we—like every one else—we have taken too much for granted. We allowed other thoughts, other interests—miserable little transient things—to drive out the great real ones. We acted"—and she laughed gayly—"as if we were afraid that 'caring' would be a bore to us. We shirked what was serious as if it were going to be troublesome, as we all do nowadays. It needed something big to show us ourselves—our real true selves."

They had just made the circuit of the graveyard, and now stood before the church door, the massive tower rising high above them.

"But, Madeleine—"

"Let us go in," she said, quickly.

There was hardly any one in the church. The roar of the outside world came to them now as only a deep, soothing murmur. Santvoord at first hardly realized where he was. Then the softened light, the gentle stillness, the hallowed influences of the place, the only half felt consciousness of the amazing rapture which was so deep that it even now had touch of fear—all these humbled him into wondering thankfulness, thrilled him with strange elation.

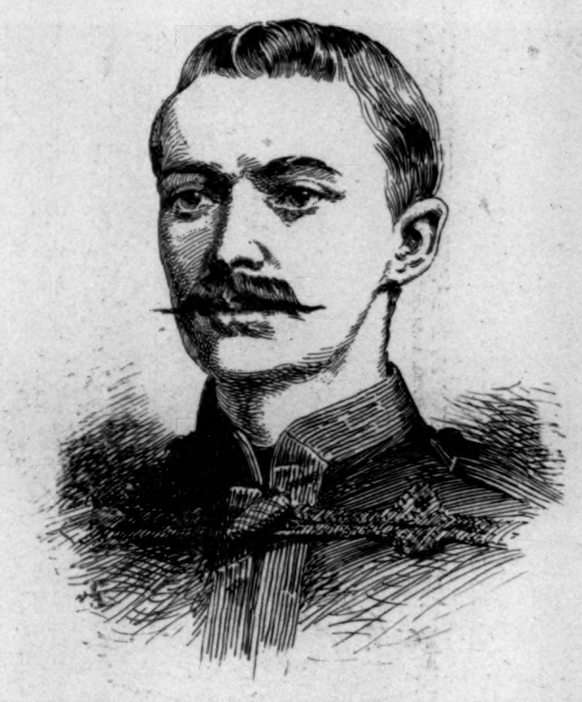
She let him take her hand again as they sat side by side in the nearest pew.

"We will make no more mistakes," he said.

"No," she said, and sank to her knees and hid her face in her hands.

And all this is possible, for is it not—nowadays.

Nowadays,



LIEUTENANT C. J. W. GRANT, OF THE SECOND BURMAHS, WHO WITH 80 MEN DEFEATED 4000 MANIPURI.

LIEUTENANT GRANT'S CHANCE.

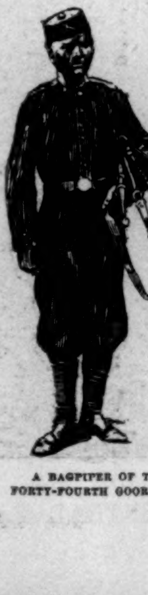
BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

THE true story of Lieutenant Grant is almost too good a story to be true, and reads like one of those Mr. Rudyard Kipling invents.

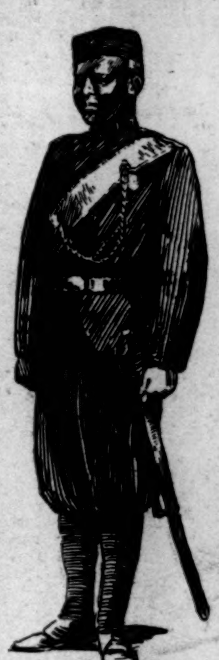
Its scene is laid in Mr. Kipling's own territory, and it deals with dacoits and jungles, and the little daring Goorkhas of whom Mr. Kipling is so fond, and with native princes and rajahs and hand-to-hand fighting and the glory of the British arms.

In the early part of April the Associated Press, under the unfamiliar date line of Calcutta, told of a massacre in Manipur, wherever that may be, where semi-barbarous native Indians rose against the representatives of the Empress of India, and killed them treacherously while they were negotiating terms of peace, and trying to put the right rajah on the throne from which troops of the wrong rajah had driven him. The news was partly rumor, partly horrible fact, and the names of many commissioners and officers were given as dead and as butchered after death. And at the end of each newspaper account was the brief statement: "Lieutenant Grant, who left Tamur for Manipur with eighty men, has not been heard from. He is believed to be dead." It was a most unimportant ending and an anticlimax. Nobody but the Grants of Grant, in the Highlands of Scotland, who "raised the Black Watch," knew or cared about this unidentified and unknown Lieutenant Grant. What was one lieutenant and eighty men to three commissioners and colonels and the commissioners' wives and the picked troops of the Forty-fourth Goorkhas?

But on the days following came fuller and more accurate accounts of the massacre; and it was told how the Manipuri had shelled the Residency with the same cannon the Empress of India had sent them as a token of her royal good feeling; and how the younger officers and Mrs. Grimwood had escaped in the night, and travelled on foot by jungle paths for 120 miles, living on roots, to be rescued at the last by Captain Cowley hurrying forward with re-enforcements; and how Mrs. Grimwood's husband and the others who had left the Residency to arbitrate had been cut into quarters, and thrown into the moat for the pariah dogs to mangle as they pleased. It read like a page from the history of the Sepoy mutiny, like a modern version of the terrible stories of Cawnpore, Delhi, and Lucknow, and it was a blow at the British rule in India, and a trial to the hearts of every one who read it, whether he read it in English or translated into a foreign tongue. But there was one saving clause, one paragraph that lightened the rest for every one who read it, for Lieutenant Grant, the unknown, marching, unconscious of massacres, between Tamur and Manipur, had at last been "heard from." His paragraph came at the end, as it had on the days before, modestly, as became his rank, behind the colonels and commissioners. "Lieutenant Grant," it read, "with 80 men, has defeated 4000 Manipuri, and has taken Fort Thobal." Now nobody knew whether Fort Thobal was bristling with cannon or a mud embankment, but every one could appreciate that 80 into 4000 goes fifty times, and that Lieutenant Grant's chance was only one in fifty when he charged up the wall of Fort Thobal, and drove the Manipuri across and over the other side. And all over the world, thanks to telegraphs and cables, the name and fame of Lieutenant Grant became momentous and familiar, not only in the clubs of London, but in the elevated cars of New York, and at breakfast tables from Paris to Portland, Oregon. For if all the world loves a lover, it loves a hero next, and the chance that came to Lieutenant Grant, and the way he rose to it, became a brilliant spot in the gloomy tale of treachery, butchery, and blundering of the Manipur massacre. Lieutenant Grant held Fort Thobal for three days, and then repulsed the Manipuri again at Alongtaing in a fight that lasted three long hot hours, during which the Senaputty prince and his two commanders were killed, and the Manipuri were driven off into the jungle by Lieutenant Grant's men of the Second Burmahs.



A BAGPIPER OF THE FORTY-FOURTH GOORKHAS.



NATIVE OFFICER OF THE FORTY-FOURTH GOORKHAS WHO DEFENDED THE RESIDENCY.

General Sir Frederick Roberts, the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army, has congratulated Lieutenant C. J. W. Grant, which is as it should be, and *Punch* has given him a full page all to himself; it is also as it should be that Lieutenant Grant is as handsome as his portrait shows him to be, and that he is only thirty years old. "It is the boys — the raw boys—who do the fighting," Mulvaney says; and though Lieutenant Grant is no raw recruit, he is a boy in years, and the Second Burmahs are but newly formed. Now, while the home government sends out more commissioners to determine who blundered and who should be punished, let us hope that some other Board of Investigation and Inquiry will do more for Lieutenant Grant than congratulate him, and that he may go to Simla on leave, and ride with all the pretty girls, and wear cool things, and drink the wine of praise and approval, and keep out of the clutches of Mrs. Hanksbee. And in time he may get his regiment and become a K.C. Who knows?

And in the mean while his father, Lieutenant-General D. G. S. St. J. Grant, who is now in London, goes to all of his many clubs that the members may say, "Ah, Grant, fine boy, that boy of yours; ought to be proud of him." And then the lieutenant-general says, "Pooh! pooh! only did his duty"; and then goes home, and tells his wife everything they say.

Perhaps this may seem to you a great deal of bother about one young man; but do not think of what he did, but what he might have done. He might have said: "I have no instructions to take Fort Thobal. I have no right to risk my men's lives at odds of fifty to one. I ought to make a masterly detour, and show my strategic knowledge, and leave Fort Thobol and the 4000 Manipuri alone." Who would have blamed him? Fabian would have done it. But Lieutenant Grant walked right up the mud wall and over the other side. It was his chance, you see, and he took it; and it teaches the moral that when one's chance comes, it is much better to be reported as "heard from" than "missing."

PROFESSOR JOSEPH LEIDY, M.D., LL.D.

THE body of Joseph Leidy, LL.D, director of the biological department of the University of Pennsylvania, was reduced to ashes in the Germantown crematorium on May 5th. He was fellow of the Biological Society, Paris; Moscow Society of Naturalists; London Zoological Society; Leopold Caral Academy of Science, Bonn; Munich Academic Society; Bohem Academy of Science, Prague; Zoological and Botanical Society, Vienna; Economic and Agricultural Academy, Florence; Geological Society, London; Natural and Historical Society, Dublin; Linnæan Society, London; Literary and Philosophical Society, Liverpool; Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia; and Copenhagen Society of Science. He died on April 30th, and his brain was turned over to the Anthropometric Society, of which he was the first president, on May 1st.

Thus, in the true spirit of science, was disposed the mortal part of a simple-minded, sweet-hearted old man, who was one of the most remarkable scientists not only of this, but of any other age or country. There is talk among the scientific men of Philadelphia of erecting a monument over his ashes. In France the monument would already have been ordered by the trustees of a popular subscription fund; in Germany an imperial grant would have even sooner accomplished the same purpose. The long catalogue of his titles is necessary to explain the versatility of his genius and the universality of his fame. Though his name was known and held in highest honor by the cognoscenti of science in this country, it was in Europe that it attained the general and almost popular glory that there the great names of abstract knowledge share with the great names of war and statecraft. Huxley's one pilgrimage to the shrine of a living oracle in this country was to Professor Leidy's quiet, old-fashioned Spruce Street house, where he found one of his rarest rhizopod series in the bricks of his garden walk. A lately deceased Philadelphia colleague of the dead scientist used to tell with gusto of the wild chase made after him by an equally distinguished French savant in slippers and smoking jacket through a Parisian street. The cause of the pursuit was that the savant was at home to nobody when Leidy called, being intent upon the perusal of one of Leidy's works. When he absent-mindedly glanced at the card which a departing caller had left, he set sail in pursuit, shouting the American's name.

A lifetime's work would it have been for French or other savant to read and master the whole of Leidy's titles. They were eight hundred in number, and contained the results of nearly fifty years' original research in the fields of biology, comparative anatomy, natural history, geology, paleontology, and osteology. On few sides, of course, could such technical labor touch popular and especially commercial interest. Yet to one of the greatest commercial interests—that of pork-packing—Dr. Leidy's researches were of the utmost importance. It was to him that the expulsion of the "American hog" from Germany was due. Sir Richard Owen first announced what has since been known as trichinæ as a parasitical cause of the ravages of a mysterious disease prevalent among the lower orders of the Continental population. He described the parasite minutely, but was unable to fix its origin. The appearance of a slice of ham which Dr. Leidy had cut for a sandwich one day shortly after the result of Sir Richard's researches was published caused him to make a microscopic examination. In consequence he announced that the breeding-ground of the Owen parasite was pork. There, owing to the limitations of the work of the American scientist, his contribution to the world's knowledge on this vital subject stopped. Leuckner of Giesen, having the German savant's advantage of a *corpus vile experimentum fieri*, fed trichinal pork to condemned criminals, and by a post mortem examination confirmed Leidy's theory.

The popular ear might be filled for a day with stories of Dr. Leidy's wonderful manual dexterity in the dissection of the most minute forms of animal life. A genius in his fingers was handmaid to the genius in his brain. The ashes of his modest mortality would deatomize themselves in their urn, however, at a recital of the triumphs of the mere skill of his hands. Yet it may be said that the remarkable development of his senses of touch and sight made him an excellent draughtsman and an expert lapidist. No crown jeweller could have excelled him in his knowledge of the value of precious stones.

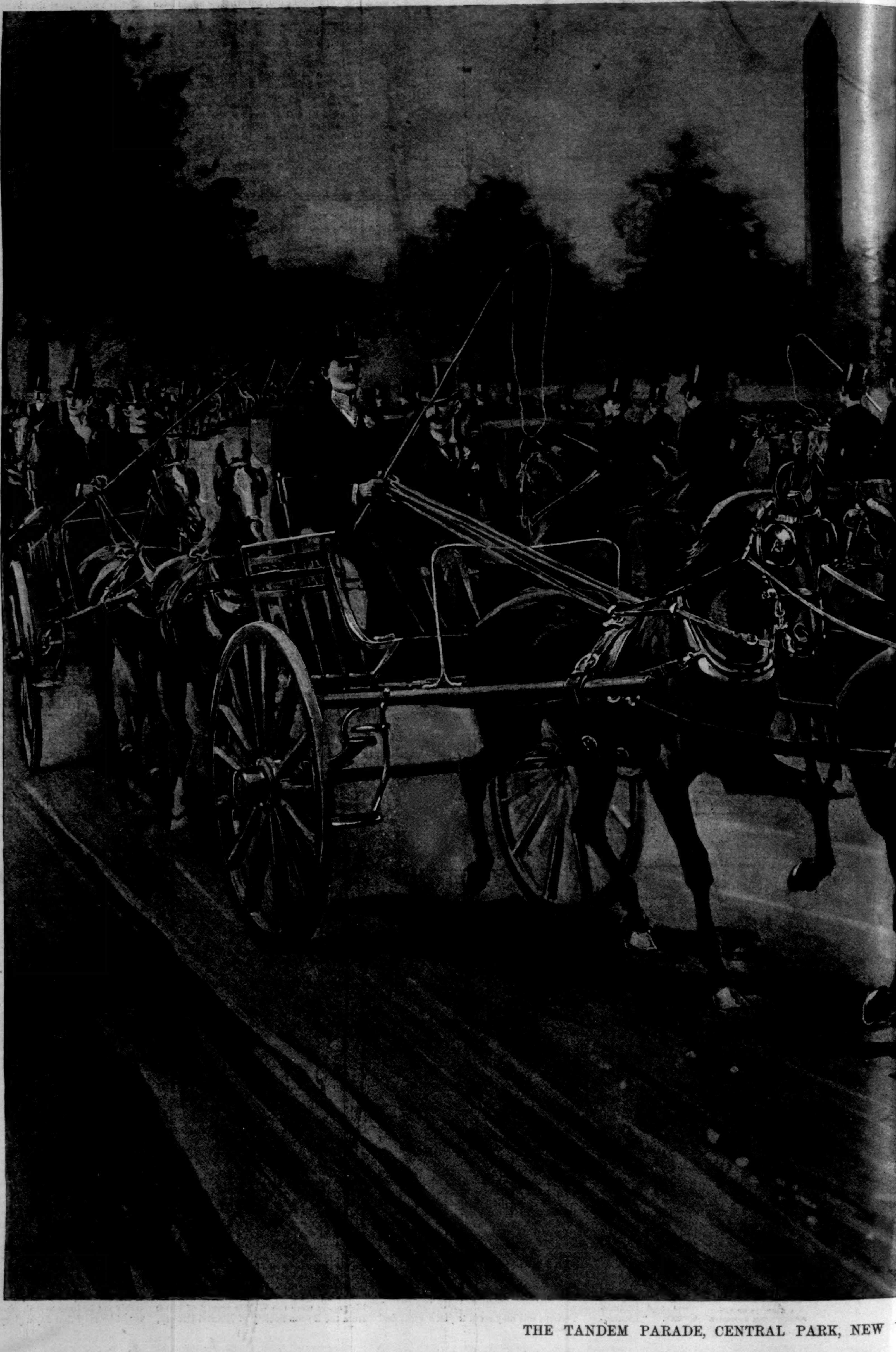
Among the prizes won by Dr. Leidy for his papers were the Walker award of $1000 from the Boston Society of Natural History, the Lyell medal, and the great honor of the Cuvier medal from the French Academy of Sciences. He was graduated M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1844, but two years afterward he gave up medicine, and, save for a brief period of service at the Satterlee Hospital in Philadelphia during the war, he never practised it again. He founded the University of Pennsylvania department of biology seven years ago. Previous to that he had been, in 1853, appointed Professor of Anatomy in the same institution, and in 1871 Swarthmore College called him to the chair of natural history. He was essentially one of those men whose greatness is never appreciated until the great vacuum that their deaths leave is realized. A patient, thorough investigator, an admirable expounder to the true disciple, though a poor lecturer to the careless herd of the class-room, he cared little for fame, contemporary or posthumous. It is thoroughly characteristic of the man and of a showy sometime contemporary of his, that while the latter was standing in the sunshine of popular favor, feeding on the fat of government appointment, Leidy was silently exploding his fallacies in the obscurity of his laboratory. He did not do it for revenge or pride. He simply and silently quenched these false lights of science without malevolent intention to disturb the rhythmic plaudits of the Agassiz claque. He was sixty-eight years of age.

By a singular fatality his brother, Dr. Philip Leidy, a prominent Philadelphia physician, died within thirty-six hours of his death. Their cremations took place simultaneously. The examination of their brains by the Anthropometric Society—of which Phillips Brooks is the best-known member—disclosed the fact that they were exactly equally below the normal weight. Thus Leidy's death goes very fitly to confirm a scientific theory that texture not size of brain is the base of high intellectual achievement.

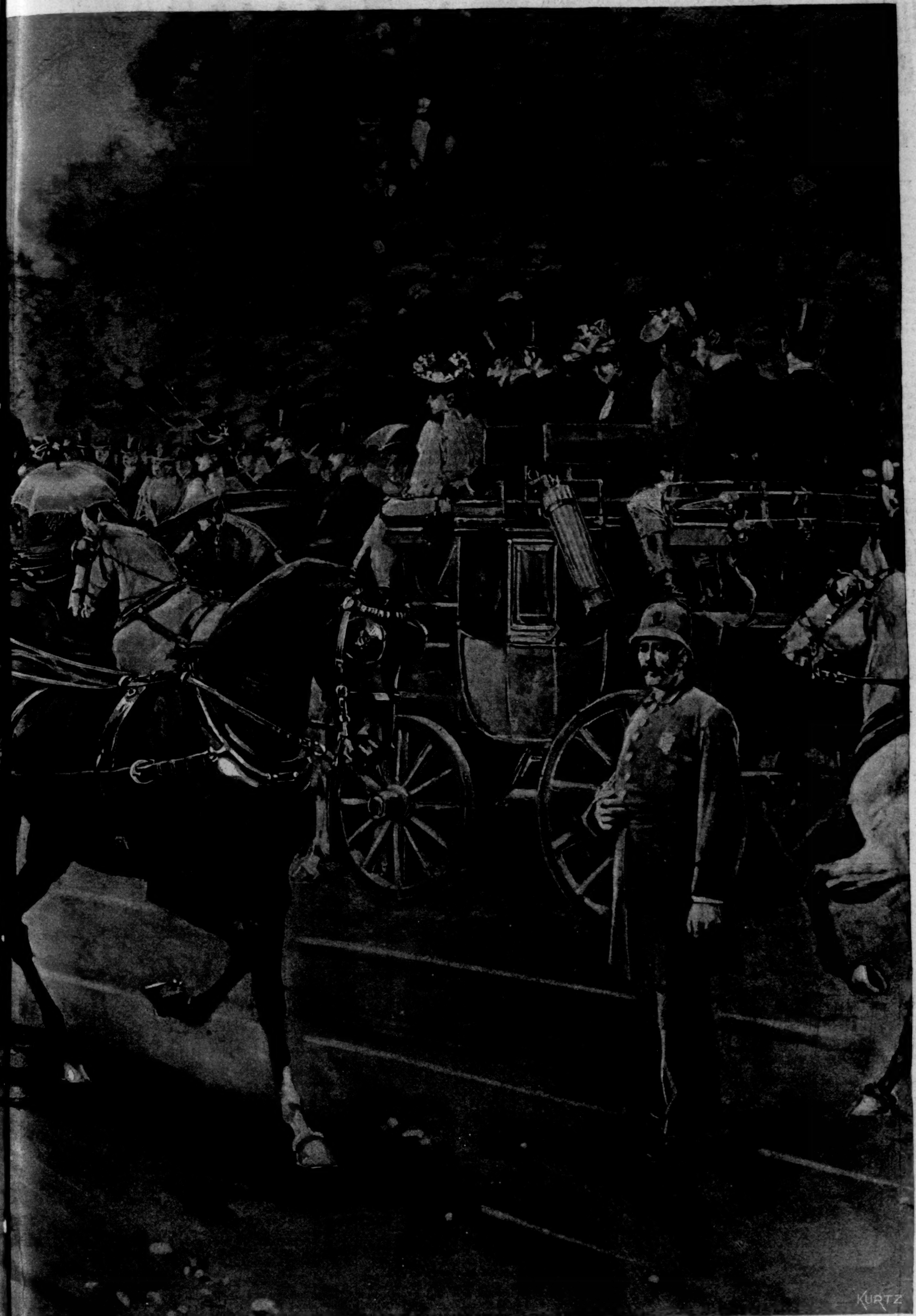
A. E. WATROUS.

THE TRENTON MONUMENT.

IT is good to hear that at last, though somewhat late in the day, a serious concern for the beauty and appropriateness of public monuments is awakening in the public mind. That conspicuous piece of everybody's business has too long been permitted to remain nobody's business, the neglecters of an obvious duty consoling themselves with the reflection that such things are, after all, only unremunerative ornament, not worthy of serious consideration. But as more men and women fall in love with faces than with virtues, so foreign visitors judge the civilization and progress of a country more by its external decorations than by its intrinsic prosperity, and it must be confessed that, with some few notable exceptions, the alien accusation that in public buildings we aspire principally to size is not devoid of justice. The members of the association engaged in providing a monument to commemorate the victory of Washington and his Revolutionary troops over the British forces at Five Points, Trenton, New Jersey, have displayed a most commendable appreciation of the responsibility vested in them. Not only have they devoted a critical judgment to the designs submitted to them, but they have carefully studied and considered the various trophies of a similar character that have been erected elsewhere, and the resulting almost unanimous decision in favor of the proposal of John H. Duncan, the well-known architect of New York, promises a memorial worthy alike of the occasion it celebrates and the nation that gives substantial expression to it. The artist contemplates a column 135 feet in height, of the style known as Roman-Doric. It is to be constructed of pale polished granite, fluted for two-thirds of its length, and crowned by a colossal bronze statue of Washington in the uniform of a Continental officer, gazing through a glass, as he may have gazed upon the battle that actually was fought and won upon the very spot. The pedestal, partly of the same material as the shaft, partly of a darker-colored stone to give more apparent solidity to the base, will be appropriately guarded by the figures of two Continental soldiers in their habits as they died for the independence of their country, and will be adapted within for the display of various relics of that stirring time, while without a a bronze bass-relief on each face will exhibit various important details of the particular incident here immortalized. The western side will present the passing of the Delaware; the southern, the beginning of the action; the eastern, the triumphant ending; and the northern will relate in concise language the story pictorially related by its comrades. From the summit, accessible to the enterprising by a flight of iron stairs winding up the interior and lighted by electric lamps, a magnificent prospect will be obtained, extending, in clear weather, even as far as Philadelphia; and that "the good deeds" here signalized may shine unceasingly "in a naughty world," thirteen electric lights will shed their radiance into the surrounding darkness night after night, as by day the thirteen stars carved upon the capital will denote the original States of the Union. The nation at large will provide, through Congress, half the expense of $60,000; the State of New Jersey, through its Legislature, another $15,000; and the remainder will certainly not be long to seek among the unnumbered heirs of that day's glory.



THE TANDEM PARADE, CENTRAL PARK, NEW



W YORK CITY.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 366.]

INTIMATIONS.

I knew the flowers had dreamed of you,
And hailed the morning with regret;
For all their faces with the dew
Of vanished joy were wet.

I knew the winds had passed your way,
Though not a sound the truth betrayed;
About their pinions all the day
A summer fragrance staid.

And so, awaking or asleep,
A memory of lost delight
By day the sightless breezes keep,
And silent flowers by night.

John B. Tabb.

FLIPPANT.

BY CARL SMITH.

Somewhere in the wide, wide world, somewhere
She wanders from me apart,
And her sunny smile and her golden hair,
And her manner winning and debonair,
No longer enslave my heart;
But her face as bright as the summer sky,
And her voice so soft and clear,
And the memories of that last good-by,
Combine to provoke one regretful sigh
For the girl I loved last year.

And looking back through the shadowy haze
That gathers around and above,
I catch the faint perfume of summer days
And the dying echoes of roundelays
That voice an unquenchable love;
And her blushes rise from a heart aflame,
And her blue eyes look into mine
(Please understand she is not the same.
This girl I loved—I've forgotten her name—
In the summer of '89).

Her lily hand beckons from the past,
But beckons only to tears—
To a love which we both of us vowed would last
(But whose powers of endurance were wrongly classed)
As long as the coming years.
Where'er I may go I shall never forget
Those happy days. Ah, fate
Is kind to leave me the memory yet
Of the sweet little maiden whom I met
In the mountains in '88.

Her ruby lips hiding teeth of pearl,
Which dazzle me when she speaks,
Her nut-brown hair in riotous curl,
Her laugh, which sets all my senses awhirl,
And the damask of her cheeks,
Her form of Venus like a flower arrayed
In the garb of the blushing May—
All bid me rejoice, and quite undismayed
Swear my heart shall e'er be true to the maid
Whom I wildly adore to-day.

SPRING MEET OF THE NEW YORK TANDEM CLUB.

The history of the first tandem would be an interesting bit of reading How such a style of driving came about is not a matter of record. Certainly the earliest attempts to popularize it of which we read were not of the happiest. Indeed it was frowned upon most gloomily, horsemen very generally agreeing to "look upon a man as drives a tandem as a fool, as he makes two hosses do the work of one, and most likely breaks his silly neck." It speaks well for the intrinsic worth of the sport that it has thrived notwithstanding the jeers of the ignorant and slights of the bigoted.

The earliest record of an attempt to recognize tandem-driving as an organized sport goes back thirty-four years, when, in England, the first tandem club was formed. A dozen years ago there was probably not one perfectly appointed tandem in this country. As all things English seem to be entirely essential, however, to those of us fortunate enough to be able to indulge our fancies, so, in course of time, the tandem spread its fascinations to this country. Whether the glory of having the first tandem in America rests with the late Frederick Sherman, Esq., Mr. G. F. McCandless, or Mr. Burton Mansfield has never, I believe, been entirely determined. Certain it is, however, that the organization in this city of the Tandem Club in 1884 was due entirely to the great interest of these three gentlemen in the sport, and their efforts collectively and individually did much for its welfare. Mr. Sherman was elected president, Mr. McCandless vice-president, and Mr. Edward H. Wales treasurer and secretary. The members were, besides these three, W. Bayard Cutting, E. Berry Wall, E. H. Myers, Frederic Neilson, C. A. Baudouine, Jun., E. N. Dickerson, Jun., and A. M. Dodge. In this year the club held but one meet, in autumn; but in '85 and '86 two drives were given, one each in spring and autumn. The club was not very old when Mr. Sherman died, and Mr. McCandless, who succeeded him, served but a year, when his health compelled him to go abroad, where he has remained, by-the-way, ever since.

With two of its most faithful workers gone, the club shortly showed signs of dissolution. Tandem-driving of itself sustained its interest, but as an organization the club went into a rapid decline, and in 1888 passed out of existence with as little ostentation as had marked its inception. So thoroughly enjoyable a sport was not to be allowed to languish, however, and those who had partaken of its pleasures were keen for its success. Early in 1889 the question of reorganization was agitated by some of the old members, and on April 3d of the same year the New York Tandem Club was formed—a revival of mutual interests, but an entirely new club from the old one. With the exception that E. N. Dickerson, Jun., president, has been succeeded by C. A. Baudouine, Jun., the officers then elected are serving to-day—Charles Pfizer, Jun., vice-president; Burton Mansfield, secretary and treasurer. These gentlemen inaugurated an entirely new order of things, and have worked unceasingly to make the club successful.

That their efforts have been fruitful is attested by the fact that, starting with a bare handful of members, the roll now includes upward of forty-eight, of which the following is the list:

Mr. Charles A. Baudouine, Jun., Mr. Francis D. Beard, Mr. Mayhew W. Bronson, Mr. Charles F. Bates, Mr. R. F. Carman, Mr. Edward N. Dickerson, Mr. Benjamin T. Fairchild, Mr. Harry C. Graef, Mr. H. C. Haskins, Mr. H. A. Murray, Mr. Edward H. Myers, Mr. W. E. McCredy, Mr. Charles W. Meyer, Jun., Mr. William H. Morgan, Mr. Edward R. Murphy, Mr. Burton Mansfield, Mr. Robert S. McCreery, Mr. T. J. O'Donohue, Mr. T. L. Onativia, Mr. Joseph J. O'Donohue, Mr. J. F. O'Shaughnessy, Mr. Charles Pfizer, Jun., Mr. James Clinch Smith, Mr. J. H. Shultz, Jun., Mr. Henry W. Sharpless, Mr. Frederic C. Thomas, Mr. T. Suffern Tailer, Mr. Alexander Taylor, Jun., Mr. Lemuel E. Wells, Mr. George Devoo Watson, Mr. H. K. Bloodgood, Mr. O. H. P. Belmont, Mr. John Bloodgood, Jun., Mr. A. J. Cassatt, Mr. Jacob Cram, Mr. George H. Bressette, Mr. John Hunter, Mr. Frederic R. Halsey, Mr. John A. Logan, Jun., T. J. McGillicuddy, M.D., Mr. Charles W. Tracy, Mr. John R. Townsend, Mr. J. Lee Tailer, Mr. W. W. Tucker, Mr. N. C. Renal, and Mr. J. T. Starr. The honorary members are Mr. C. Gray-Parker and Mr. G. F. Candless.

The most satisfactory feature of the new club is the great improvement made in form generally. There is small question among those who know that tandem-driving requires better hands and more skill than it does to tool a four-in-hand, and it was lack of training in both men and horses that caused confusion in some of the earlier meets. It is gratifying to note that the meet of last Saturday was the best in point of correct equipment ever given. There has always been a display of some good whips, stylish horses, correct carts, and smart grooms, but a general tendency toward the more showy rather than to the *simplex munditiis*, which distinguishes the good form of all equipages, but, above all, of the tandem. This year the Tandem Club's exhibition was highly creditable to American horsemanship.

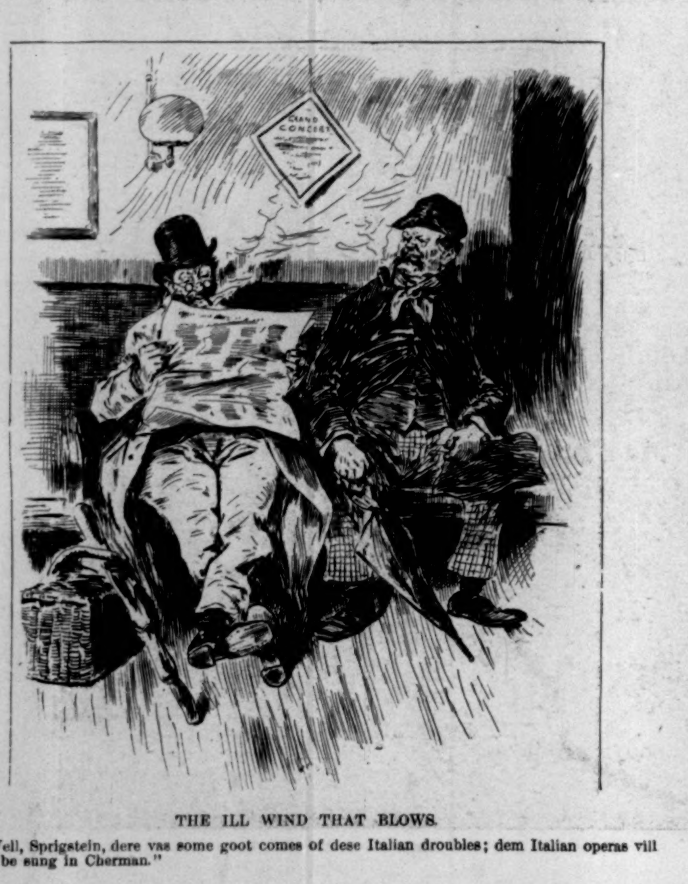
Considering the fact that tandem-driving is being taken up a bit throughout the country, a hint or two will not be inopportune. There are a few principles in tandem-driving as inexorable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. They are simple enough, and yet how many drivers I have seen disregard them. To begin with, get your cart properly balanced; to have it otherwise is hard on your wheeler, to say nothing of being a sure sign of the duffer. Many times have I seen the points of the shafts tilted so high as to cause the tiger to hold on behind for dear life. Get a good cart—a Whitechapel is "the thing"—and don't have it too light. Your leader should never be heavier than your wheeler, but lighter in bone, less in size, better bred, and faster, and, some maintain, lighter in color as well. Have your harness as simple as possible, no unnecessary or ornamental straps are to be tolerated; there is no excuse for not having the correct thing, at least in harness, nowadays.

In gathering up your reins preparatory to starting, be sure you feel the mouths of both horses, and have the traces of your leader slack before giving the word. Start both animals together if you can, but your wheeler should do the work at first; under no consideration should the leader aid in drawing the cart until both horses are fairly started and beginning to settle down to their work. When you come to a corner, as you value your reputation as a whip shorten the leader's reins the very first thing; no driver can take a cart round a corner in safety with his leader going into his collar, or his traces tightened across his flank. Of course going down hill the same precaution of drawing in the leader is to be observed. I have no doubt many a tandem-driver reading these admonitions will vote them trite; well known they are, or at least fairly so, I grant, but not well observed.

Tandem-drivers, as I once before had occasion to say, are, generally speaking, weak, and lack confidence, finish, and dash. They should have the greatest quickness and a very light hand; whereas they appear, with few exceptions, to be wholly at the mercy of their leaders, and in constant fear of being called upon to break out their whips, which are so carefully caught up, and so very hard to catch again when once thrown out. A lack of expertness in the double thong is the worst possible handicap to the tandem-driver, as most of his fine work in extricating his team from difficulties is done with the whip, tipped, it should be, with an ounce of prevention, and always ready and used one little moment *before* it is needed.

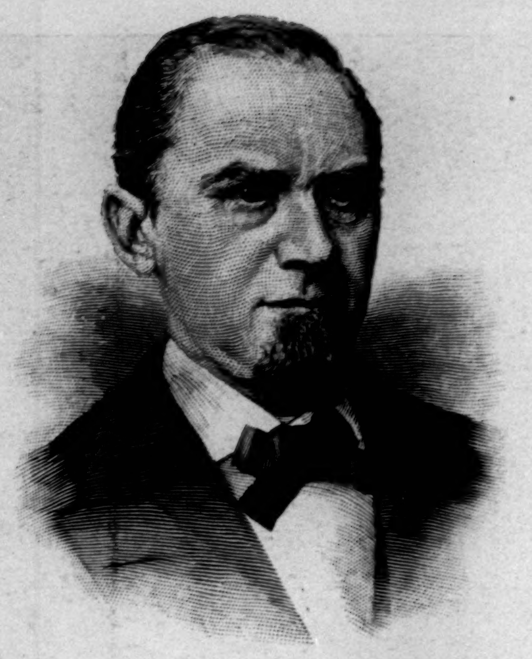
How much a tandem is like a political machine! The leader—the true leader—should be on the box (where, alas! too often the nominal leader aspires to be), and, like the experienced political hand, should, unseen, pull the wires and crack the "party whip" over the refractory political "hack," at just the right moment to bring him into line. To return, however, from the rugged by-roads of politics to the broad avenues of sport, we are learning some of the fundamental principles of tandem in this country—namely, proper appointments. A man may be permitted much latitude in nearly all other equipages; but as tandem, even more than fours, is primarily driven for style, that style or appointment should be perfect, or else is liable to severest criticism. However, the horse-flesh, carts, harness, and putting together, liveries and finish generally, even the driving, is better than seen here even a year ago, and at length we are improving.

Caspar W. Whitney.



THE ILL WIND THAT BLOWS.

"Vell, Sprigstein, dere vas some goot comes of dese Italian droubles; dem Italian operas vill hef to be sung in Cherman."



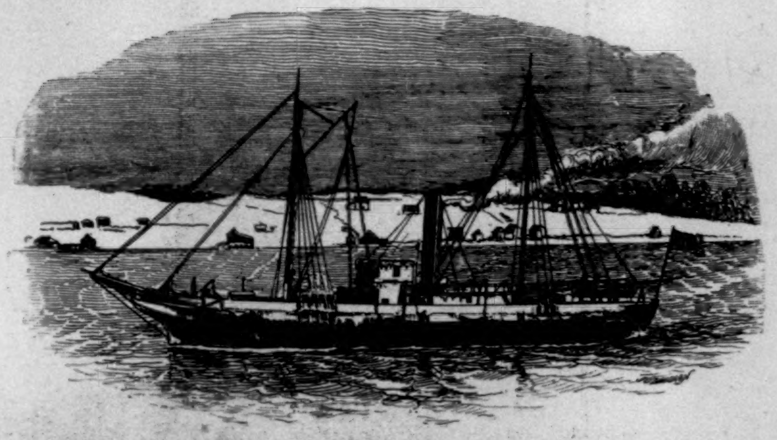
CHARLES PRATT.

The announcement of the death of Mr. Charles Pratt, which occurred with surprising suddenness last week, was received with sorrow throughout the country. Mr. Pratt was one of the wealthiest manufacturers of the metropolis, and was connected with commercial interests of great magnitude. Not his wealth, however, but the use he made of it, gave him the high place he held in public estimation. He was an American whose traits were as typical of as his successes were peculiar to our Western civilization. He was born in Watertown, Massachusetts, October 2, 1830, and his parents are said to have been so poor that necessity compelled him, at the age of ten, to leave home and seek work on a farm, where he labored three years, attending school in the winter months. He next became a grocery clerk in Boston, and there, as on the farm, received no compensation but his board; for not until he began to learn the machinists' trade in Newton, Massachusetts, did he earn his first dollar, of which he always spoke with pride as having been made at the work-bench. With the savings of his first year in the machine-shop he entered Wilbraham Academy, where he diligently studied twelve months, subsisting on about a dollar a week. He then found a situation as clerk in a paints and oil store in Boston, and in his leisure hours availed himself of the privileges of the Mercantile Library for self-improvement. In 1851 he came to New York, and was engaged successively as clerk in Appleton's publishing house and in the paints and oil establishment of Schenck & Darling. In 1854 he joined C. T. Raynolds and F. W. Devoe in the paints and oil business. Later, on Mr. Devoe's retirement, the firm became Raynolds, Pratt, & Co. In 1867 arrangements were made whereby C. T. Raynolds and certain partners should take control of the business in paints, and Charles Pratt & Co. conduct the oil trade. The success of the latter firm as oil-refiners was extraordinary. Astral oil was in demand everywhere; and the works in Brooklyn, continuous and surprising as was their expansion, found it difficult to keep pace with the consumption. At the time the Standard Company resolved virtually to monopolize the traffic in oil, Mr. Pratt entered into business association with the Messrs. Rockefeller and Mr. Flagler. His relation to the vast trust was as president of the Charles Pratt Manufacturing Company.

Mr. Pratt lived in Brooklyn, in an elegant mansion on Clinton Avenue. He was probably the wealthiest citizen of that city. His possessions were estimated by himself but a short time before his death at $15,000,000 to $20,000,000.

During the past twenty years he devoted a great part of his time to the philanthropies, in which he chiefly delighted, and with which his name will be permanently associated. At a cost of a million and a half he built and equipped the Pratt Institute, a school of manual arts, described at length in the Weekly a short time ago. About half a million additional was spent by him in the erection of the Astral Apartment Buildings, the revenue of which has been secured to the institute as a part of its endowment. The Adelphi Academy, of Brooklyn, received at various times from Mr. Pratt sums aggregating $500,000. To the Emanuel Baptist Church, of which he was an interested, devout, and modest member, he was always generous, giving dollar for dollar subscribed by its people toward improvements, and largely for benevolence. In this way he furnished one-half of the $250,000 which is said to have been the cost of their new edifice.

Mr. Pratt was a man of few words, keen, alert, decided. His home life was marked by gentleness and affection. In business interviews he was usually brusque, but always courteous. His death, resulting from heart-disease, took place at his office in this city on the evening of the 4th inst.



UNITED STATES STEAMER "WOODBURY" IN WINTER-QUARTERS.

THE REVENUE MARINE.

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

AT present the United States revenue marine is the least-talked-of and least-known branch of the revenue service. You hear much of the campaigns against moonshiners in Tennessee and Kentucky, the newspapers retail at length all obtained information as to the finding of smuggled goods on the persons or in the luggage of ocean passengers, but mention is seldom made, and then only casually, of the revenue marine. Yet of all branches the revenue marine is the most interesting, and renders the most thrilling service.

It was established in 1798. For many years after that it was in the eyes of the public constantly, and its doings were made the basis of many an exciting novel. For those were the days of smuggling of the ancient bold and life-risking kind. There were great spreads of canvas, and no steam-vessels. Rakish-looking craft, built for speed, hovered about the coast, awaiting a chance to land a cargo of goods without the expense of the duties. And the business of the revenue marine was to see that the goods were not landed, and, if possible, to catch the smugglers. Hence arose sea fights and land fights, in which blood was spilled and a vast quantity of shot and powder used. So revenue-marine officers and men had a great reputation for bullet-facing courage. Besides, there was all the charm of the sea—the old-fashioned sea, with its craft stately and ghostly from wide-stretching sails. And all these things have passed, leaving only an occasional yacht-race to suggest the glories of the days that were.

And smuggling, at least that defiant piratical sort of smuggling, has passed also. As the general public supposed and still supposes that suppressing smuggling was the chief end of the revenue marine, that branch of the revenue service passed from sight. And although it has since built up a new field for itself, equally interesting and almost as daring as the old, the general public has not regained interest. So the officers and men of the revenue marine have done their deeds of heroism in obscurity, and have had only the satisfaction of doing as a reward. For the government pays no pensions to the revenue marine, not even in time of war, when it has to co-operate with the navy against the foe.

To patrol the long coast-line of this country requires a considerable number of vessels. As the work set for them to do is of a most important character, the vessels are of the best possible kind. They are, for the most part, small, compact, cleanly built steamers, painted black with white trimmings, and lying low in the water. Their masts are rakish, and were it not for the very suggestive-looking guns, they might be mistaken for swift steam-yachts.

The service is under the Treasury Department, and is in no way connected with the navy. The duties are to suppress smuggling, to assist vessels in distress, to enforce quarantine laws, to see that all the rules for the government of ships in United States waters are obeyed, which includes the suppression of mutiny. The sea-coast vessels patrol each its own district, and form a picket-line at the outer edge of government jurisdiction, which extends three marine leagues from the shore.

On each of these steamers there are a captain, three lieutenants—first, second, and third—a cadet, an engineer and two assistants, a crew of a dozen men or more. Rank is obtained by promotion. A young man wishing to join the service as an officer passes a certain examination at Washington. He serves aboard a large revenue steamer to learn sea mathematics, sea law, and seamanship. Then he joins a regular patrolling steamer, and waits for promotion at a salary of $85 10 a month and one ration.

As these vessels are small, and as they are much at sea in the worst kind of weather, the new cadet generally thinks that his hardest task is to learn how not to be seasick. The motion of a revenue steamer in a rough sea is a harrowing combination of a lake-storm jerk and a sea-storm roll.

Every day the steamers all along the coasts put out to sea for their routine of duties. They have to send a boat aboard each vessel coming into United States waters. The officer in charge of this boat looks over the ship's papers, examines the manifest of the cargo, takes a drink with the captain, tells him the latest news, and bids him God-speed. In summer and in pleasant weather these duties are not arduous, and are hardly varied enough to break the monotony. It is an easy if rather dull life in the salt air on the open sea.

But the sea is not always in calm moods. In winter storms are of daily occurrence. Then the real life and the real heroism of the revenue marine show themselves. For the revenue steamer is more bound to put to sea in stormy weather than at any other time.

Almost every day in winter the captain of each steamer makes a report to the department. It is an ordinary dry and dreary printed form filled out with some chilly facts. But many a thrilling sea story could be written from these reports if the untold facts were to be known.

But they are not often known. For the newspapers, covering so completely the "crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind" on dry land, have not equal facilities for reporting the things done on the sea, often off obscure parts of the shore. Hence the revenue marine gets small credit, and the officers and men do not often see their valor exploited in type.

But the sailors and ship-masters know of the revenue marine, and sing its praises. For time and again the sight of the thin line of black smoke in the horizon, followed by the rising, far across the angry sea, of the low black hull, has been as the saving hand outstretched to the drowning man.

While the storm is still high, the small steam-vessel of the government puts out to sea, and rising and falling and tumbling about, begins its watch for distressed vessels. The amount of damage done by every storm that blows is not appreciated by the landsman. Sailing vessels of all kinds, coastwise and ocean-crossing, get into all kinds of troubles, and are threatened with the most dangerous disasters.

So on any stormy winter day the revenue steamer does not have to wait long before it sees somewhere about a vessel with its ensign in the rigging union down—the signal for help common to all nations. The little black steamer steers straight for the signal. As soon as it is as near as it can go with safety it lowers a boat. And these boats are not life-boats, but simply the ordinary boat of a vessel, with little or no safeguards against stormy seas.

Time and again boats have gone away from the steamer's side into a sea in which it seemed that nothing but a life-boat could live. Yet no one has ever known of officer or men shrinking from the duty. The boat goes within hailing distance of the distressed vessel, and finds out what the matter is. Generally the master explains that he wants to be towed into port. His sails are blown away, or his cargo has shifted, or his vessel has sprung a leak. Then comes the work of getting a line from the distressed vessel to the boat, and from the boat to the steamer. And this is always done with a risk of life, with absolute daring, and often with the most exhausting exertions.

Sometimes a vessel is found drifting helpless, and about to dash itself upon rocks. Then the peril is still greater. For the steamer must stand further away, and the little boat is in danger of being hurled upon the rocks and dashed instantly to pieces. But somehow or other, thanks to long training in perilous service, the line is got into the boat and to the steamer, which backs down upon the vessel in straits, and then drags it away to safety.

There are times when the danger is increased by the quickness with which everything has to be done. Often there is no chance for reflection, but only the imminent necessity for action. The little boat has had to load itself down with the men from a sinking vessel, and pull away just as the waters yawn to hide hull and spars forever.

In sea accidents the variety is as great as the peril. Each incident has its own details of intensest excitement. And the officers of a revenue steamer see all perils, all accidents, in time. They rescue the drowning, the shipwrecked, and the starving. They suppress mutinies, and bring back ringleaders in irons. They come upon all the quaint and curious things in the life of the sea. They get to know it as naval officers never knew it, with some such completeness of knowledge as that possessed by an old sailor who has watched all kinds of weather from the decks of all kinds of vessels.

When he reports it to Washington, he tells it in the briefest answers to the most uninteresting printed questions. But when he spins the yarn to his friends, they realize something of the perils he so interestingly relates. He can no longer tell of long chases of speeding smugglers, who might raise the black flag if the occasion offered, nor of midnight fights at the water's edge with desperate men trying to land an illegal cargo. But he can tell you of the angry moods of the sea, of breathless escapes from its treacheries, and of horrors and woes which have come under his notice. And a romance writer might find far worse fields for realistic fiction. Incidentally some fame would come to a branch of the government service that well deserves fame.

The illustration is of the revenue-steamer *Woodbury*, stationed at present off the coast of Maine, and whose officers and crew are credited with many of the most remarkable rescues of wrecked seamen. One of her lastest achievements was the rescue during a gale of snow and rain, of six sailors from a rocky point off Portland, where they had been for three days without food or shelter. The crew of the life-saving station lost their boat in an attempt to save them and were in a fair way to be drowned, when the United States sailors came up in their long boat. Lieutenant Hutchinson Scott especially distinguished himself on this occasion by his coolness and skill in keeping his boat from a fate similar to that which had befallen the life-saving crew.

THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES OF WHIST.

THE following Rules of Whist are based on the principle of American Leads as developed by "Cavendish," and Mr. N. B. Trist, of New Orleans, and are compiled for players who have some knowledge of the game. The chief features of the American Leads are as follows: 1. A low card led indicates three cards higher than the one led. 2. A high card led, followed by a low one, indicates two cards remaining higher than the second card led. 3. A high card led, followed by another high card, always gives some information as to the number of cards in the suit: sometimes the exact number.

ORIGINAL LEADS.

1. The best tactics at Whist aim at establishing a long suit, in order to bring in the remaining cards after trumps have been exhausted. Therefore the original lead should be from the longest suit, unless that suit be of four cards only, headed by one lower than the Nine.

2. The lead of the ACE indicates length (that is, at least five cards), or Queen-Knave. Always lead Ace with more than four in suit, except with head sequence.

If you have already trumped, however, always lead Ace with Ace-King, irrespective of length. If your partner be short, he may trump in order to establish a cross-ruff.

3. The KING indicates Ace or Queen (or both), and never more than four in the suit.

4. The QUEEN indicates Ace-King and length, King and length, or the head of a sequence.

5. The KNAVE indicates sequence to King or Ace, with length; or the highest of a short suit.

6. The TEN indicates King and Knave, with or without the Nine; or the highest of a short suit.

7. In all other cases the FOURTH-BEST is led.

8. If you open a long suit after trumps have been exhausted, usually lead as in trumps. (*q. v.*)

9. Should the long suit be of four cards headed by one lower than the Nine, open the best three-card suit, one in sequence if possible; generally leading the highest, except when holding a Ten ace; or Ace and Knave; or Ace, King, or Queen, as the only high card: then lead the lowest.

Always lead the highest of a short suit, if the previous play has shown it to be your partner's long suit.

SUBSEQUENT LEADS.

10. If following up original lead, usually play the *best* card.

11. If without the *best* card, follow with *original* fourth-best, unless having held originally three or more high cards: then lead one of the remaining high cards.

But, with King-Queen and length, if the Queen win, follow with fourth-best of the *remaining* cards.

12. After leading a high card, if left with two or three high cards that are "indifferent" (that is, of equal trick-taking value), show length in suit by leading the lower; *e. g.*, (a) with Ace-Queen-Knave, lead Ace and follow with Queen if having held originally three or four; and with Knave if having held five or more; (b) with King, Queen, Knave, and length, lead Knave (even if one of the other cards be the Ten); follow with King if having held five; with Queen if having held six or more.

13. The Ace as a secondary lead, followed by the King, indicates no more in the suit and a desire to ruff.

TRUMP LEADS.

14. The best use to which you can put a strong trump suit is to play it out, to remove the only obstacle to making tricks in the long plain suits.

15. With seven or more trumps, usually lead as in plain suits. With less than seven, lead the fourth-best, unless with at least three honors. Exceptions: (a) with King-Queen-Ten and two or more small cards, lead Queen; if without the Ten, lead fourth-best, unless with seven in the suit; (b) lead the highest of a sequence headed by Queen or Knave, regardless of length.

The turn-up card may also modify the lead. And, of course, you may *finesse* more deeply in trumps than in plain suits.

16. Make trumps your original lead, having five or more, even if without an honor, except when void in a suit or with a singleton. But with five small trumps, a moderate plain suit, and no high cards in the other suits, it is better to lead from the long plain suit, unless your partner has shown strength.

17. Rarely lead from a suit of four trumps unless very strong in other suits, or with three cards in each, or until you have established a suit.

Be cautious in leading trumps if your adversaries have also established a suit. Under these conditions, success will follow the side that first forces the strong hand.

Should your first lead be after an adversary has established a long strong suit, or after your partner has opened a four-card or weak long suit, generally do not lead trumps, even if strong in them, but try to utilize your partner's trumps by forcing him.

18. Lead trumps, when weak in them, only when holding commanding strength in all plain suits, or to stop a cross-ruff. But having a very poor hand, with the score against you 3—0 or 4—0, generally lead trumps; for unless your partner has a strong hand the game is lost.

RETURN LEADS.

19. Usually return at once your partner's lead, except (a) when you have a strong suit of your own; (b) when you have taken the trick cheaply; (c) when your trump suit is strong enough to warrant opening it.

20. Having held originally three cards in your partner's suit, return the higher; having held more, return the lowest.

If left with the *best* card, however, always play it; or if with second and third best, always return the highest, irrespective of length.

PLAY OF SECOND HAND.

21. Usually play lowest card, second hand.

22. Holding cards such that you would, if first player, lead high, usually play high, second hand; except with Ace and four small cards. Play the lowest of indifferent high cards.

23. Holding Ace, Queen, and more, play Queen only when Nine or Ten is led, unless very long in suit and weak in trumps.

24. Holding Ace-Queen-Ten, usually play Queen when any low card is led; except in trumps, when play Ten.

25. Cover an honor with the *best* card *only*, unless you hold a "fourchette," *i. e.*, a card next higher and one next lower than the card led, when always cover.

26. Holding King and one small card, play King only when Nine is led; or the Eight, when your small card is the Nine.

27. Holding Queen and one small card, play Queen only when Nine or Ten is led.

28. The fourth-best card of a suit being led, the leader holds three cards higher. If the number of pips on the card thus led be subtracted from *eleven*, the remainder will be the number of cards out against the leader higher than the card led. When a fourth-best card is led, therefore, if the number of pips on that card added to the number of higher cards held by you makes eleven, cover with the lowest of the high cards, since you hold all the high cards not in the leader's hand.*

The rule is the same when Ace is led, followed by the original fourth-best.

29. Holding *best* card in the second round of a suit, usually play it.

PLAY OF THIRD HAND.

30. Generally play your best card on your partner's original lead.

31. But, with Ace and Queen, play Queen. This is an imperative *finesse*.

32. Never play Ace on partner's lead of King or Queen; but if holding only one other card, Ace may be played on Knave.

33. Rarely play Queen on your partner's lead of Nine, and never on his lead of Ten.

34. But always avoid being left after the second round with the best card only of your partner's suit, if he has shown length as well as strength. Therefore, with three cards originally, take the second trick; with four cards, retain the lowest as long as you can.

35. Rarely *finesse* in the second round, holding best and third best.

THE SIGNAL.

36. When you wish your partner to lead trumps, throw an unnecessarily high card on his or the adversary's lead, following it with a lower card when you next play a card of the same suit.

37. In answering a call for trumps, lead the highest of two or three cards, the lowest of four or more; unless holding the Ace, which should always be led.

THE ECHO.

38. When your partner has called for trumps and you have numerical strength, you should also call if opportunity offer. If you trump with a card higher than that which you afterward play, he will understand that you held four or more trumps originally.

THE DISCARD.

39. The original discard should always be from the weakest suit, unless great strength in trumps has been declared against you; when discard from your best protected suit. This rule generally holds good even if your partner has also shown strength in trumps.

Remember that indication of suit is given by *original* discard *only*.

GENERAL REMARKS.

A. Endeavor to play in harmony with your partner; that is, never consider your own hand as separate from his.

B. It is better to inform your partner than to deceive your adversary; therefore rarely play a false card.

C. Your first object should be to save the game, if it appear in danger; your next to win it, if you have a reasonable chance of success.

D. Never play a singleton as original lead.

E. Rarely force your partner unless you hold four trumps, including an honor; or unless your partner has shown weakness in trumps.

F. Force the adversary's strong trump hand, unless both adversaries have renounced.

G. If strong in trumps rarely trump a doubtful card, but trump fearlessly if weak.

H. If your partner refuse to trump a sure winning card, lead trumps.

I. When you have nothing better to do, lead up to the weak, or through the strong hand of the adversary.

J. In playing for the odd trick, the violation of established rules is *sometimes* justifiable; *e. g.*, leading a singleton; forcing your partner when weak in trumps; refraining from leading trumps when very strong; refusing to *finesse*; playing a false card, etc.

RICHARD IRVING DUNBAR.

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* This rule was first worked out by Mr. R. F. Foster, of New York, and afterward independently discovered by Mr. E. F. M. Benecke, of Oxford, England, who was the first to make it public.

PROF. JOSEPH LEIDY, M.D., LL.D.—From a Photo. by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.—[See Page 363.]

SENATOR HORACE CHILTON, OF TEXAS.—[See Page 369.]

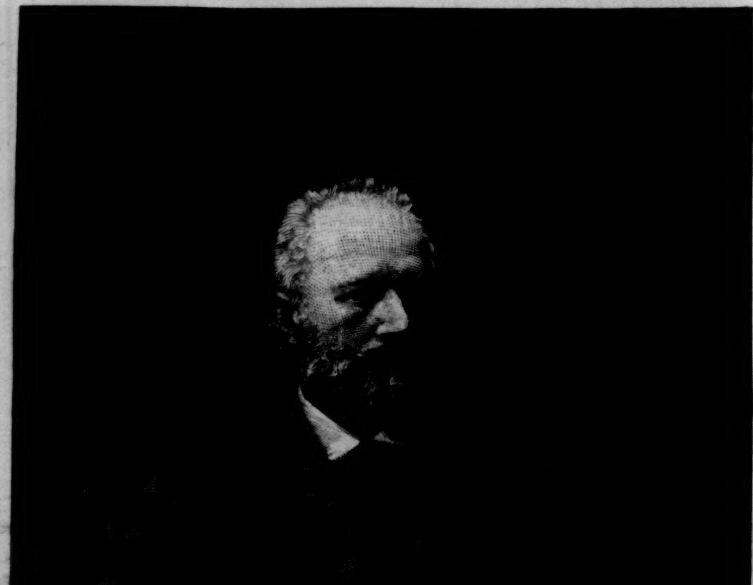
MR. G. W. CHILDS'S PORTRAIT.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

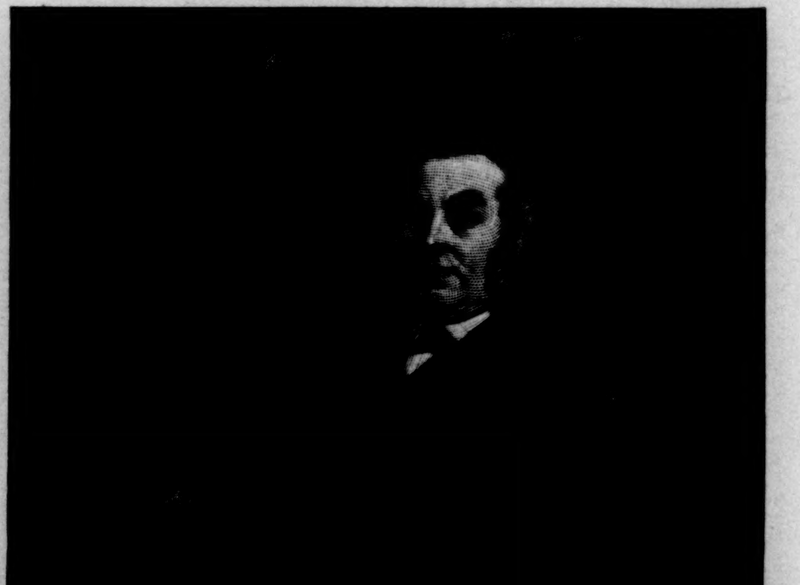
At the last monthly dinner of the Fellowcraft Club of authors, writers, and artists, in New York, the president was charged with a duty so complicated and peculiar as to suggest a situation in a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. The president of the Fellowcraft Club is Mr. John W. Alexander, the distinguished painter of portraits. It is the purpose of the club to keep on the walls of its house in Twenty-ninth Street the portraits of its presidents, and the portrait of Mr. Alexander, painted by Mr. Benoni Irwin, was finished and presented to the club by the president on the same night that he also made the presentation of the portrait of Mr. George W. Childs by himself. The occasion was a mirthful one, and the young organization felt itself very much enriched by the receipt of the two works of art.

The deeper and heartier interest was that which was felt in the completion and gift of the Alexander portrait of Mr. Childs. It is because of this, and because it reflected a side of his character that has been little dwelt upon, that the situation deserves explanation. On occasions Mr. Childs is honored as a philanthropist, as a patriotic and public-spirited citizen, as a successful business man, and as the friend and companion of distinguished men. In the Fellowcraft Club's estimate of Mr. Childs these qualities are only incidental; he is honored there as a newspaper owner, and for the character of his long connection with the world of letters. He epitomizes in his career that which constitutes eligibility to a club in which two-thirds of the members are men allied to literature of one grade or another.

Born on May 12, 1829, in Baltimore, not quite forty years after the death of Benjamin Franklin, he moved to the scene of that other great printer's chief activity, and became a bookseller while yet a boy. With his coming of age he changed his business only by going deeper into it and be-



M. TSCHAIKOWSKY, THE COMPOSER AND DIRECTOR.—[See Page 372.]



GEORGE W. CHILDS.—From a Painting by J. W. Alexander at the Fellowcraft Club.

coming a publisher. At thirty-five years of age he made a radical change in his affairs, yet one that still kept him beside that greatest engine of modern civilization, the printing-press, as the owner of the *Public Ledger*—the publisher of a newspaper instead of books.

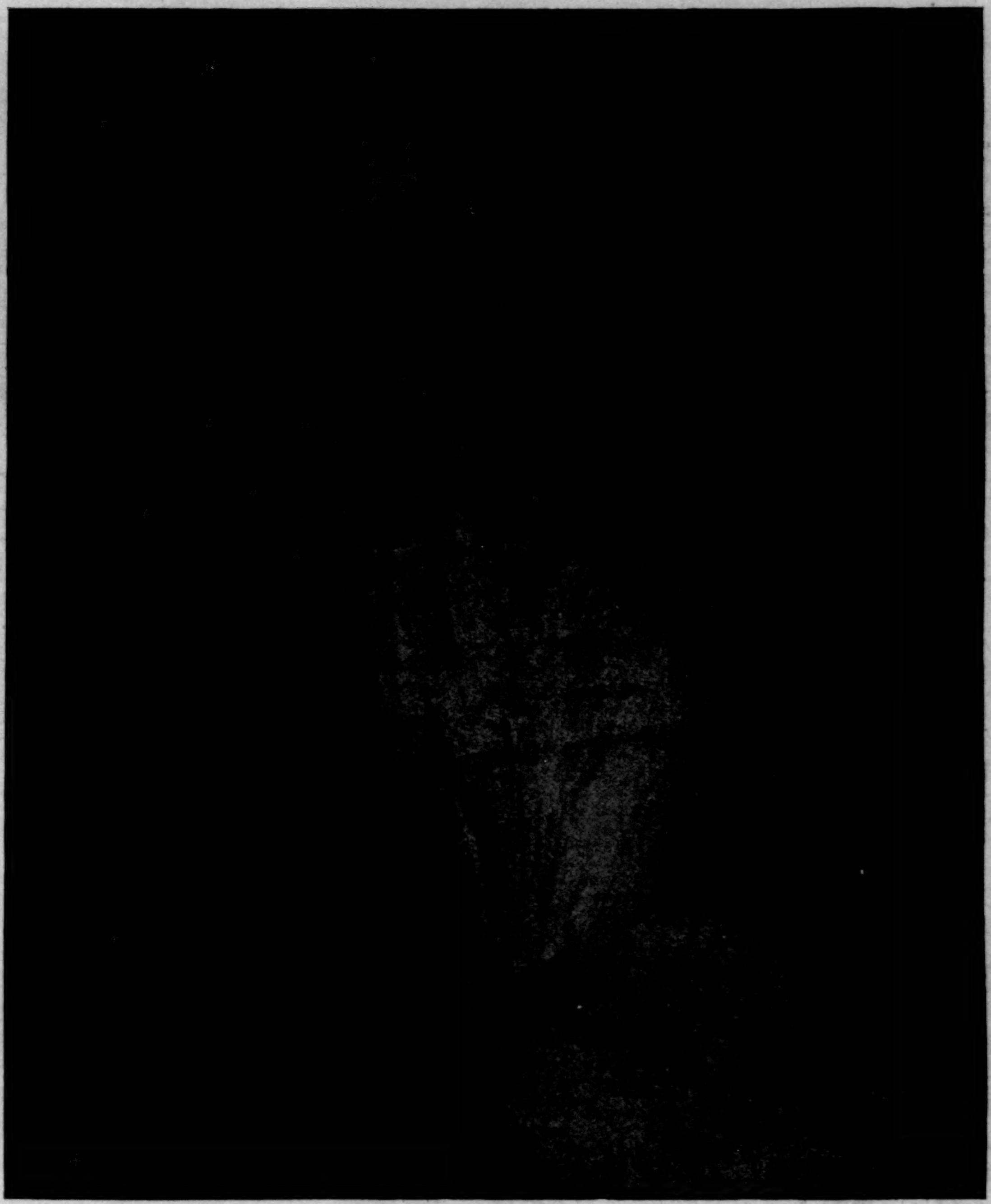
What the *Public Ledger* is, Mr. Childs has made it. By comparison it was an inconsiderable property when he acquired it, and on his hands it quickly became one of the most valuable of American newspaper plants. It goes without saying that in a business wholly dependent upon popular regard and, to some extent, caprice, and in a business in which the failures have exceeded the successes at least as 100 exceeds 10, one may grade the ability of the editor or publisher by the degree of his success. In Mr. Childs's case the success has been of a very high order indeed, and the unwritten commercial register which is kept by public opinion (with a delightful mixture of vagueness and confidence) credits Mr. Childs with being "many times a millionaire." Far more to his credit is the public knowledge that his success has been built upon legitimate methods alone. Never from 1864, when he bought the paper, until to-day has its course wavered or stumbled in the path of Mr. Childs's policy to keep it reputable, public-spirited, and dignified. Greater fortunes have been made in the business, and there have been more brilliant newspapers, but there never has been a public journal less open to the fault-finding of those who would hold the press in some degree responsible for public tastes and morals.

Every man in the Fellowcraft Club knows that in his gifts of monuments to noted men of the past Mr. Childs has chosen to honor such men as Cowper, Herbert, Leigh Hunt, Poe, Thomas Moore, and Shakespeare. There were heroes of statecraft and of war whose resting-places lack the distinction to which the world believes them entitled, but they have not interested Mr. Childs. It is to the conquerors in the domain of letters that he has, I think, invariably paid homage with his gifts. For these reasons the club of writers and artists has been proud to see the famous Philadelphian at its table—always a silent guest, by-the-way, for he seems proof against the epidemic of after-dinner oratory. For the same reasons the club was glad to accept the fine portrait of him which it has hung conspicuously in its parlor.

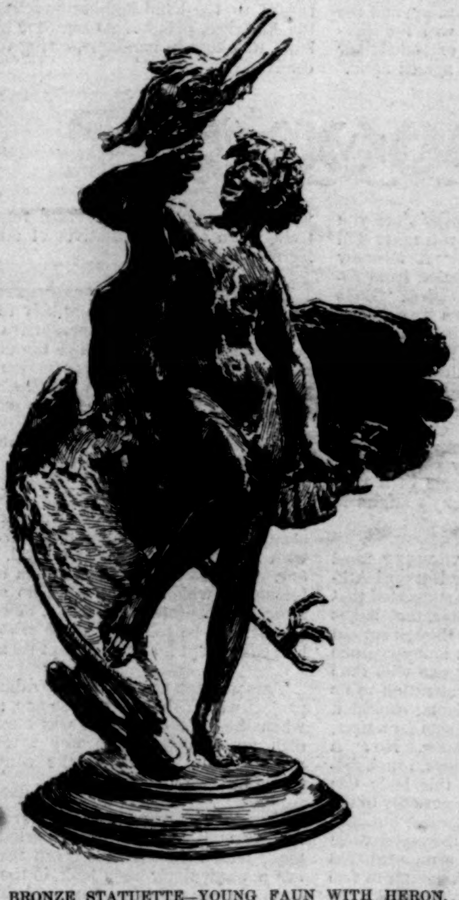
The portrait represents a life-size figure of Mr. Childs, and shows him standing beside his desk, not with a pen in his hand, but as if he had risen to receive a caller. The features of the familiar face have had bestowed upon their painted reproduction all the care and finish which distinguish Mr. Alexander's work, and the result is a portrait which has been greatly admired.

THE NEW SENATOR FROM TEXAS.

Senator John H. Reagan, of Texas, has resigned his seat in the United States Senate, and has accepted an appointment from the Governor of his State as Chairman of the State Board of Railroad Commissioners. Governor Hogg has appointed for the remainder of Mr. Reagan's term, which will expire March 4, 1893, Mr. Horace Chilton, of Tyler, Texas. Mr. Chilton is at present the President of the State Senate, and he is said to be a sound lawyer and an accom-



AN OPAL—STUDY OF YELLOW AND WHITE LIGHT.—By Edmund C. Tarbell.



BRONZE STATUETTE—YOUNG FAUN WITH HERON..
By Frederick Mac Monnies.

MIDSUMMER CLOUDS.—By Willard L. Metcalf.

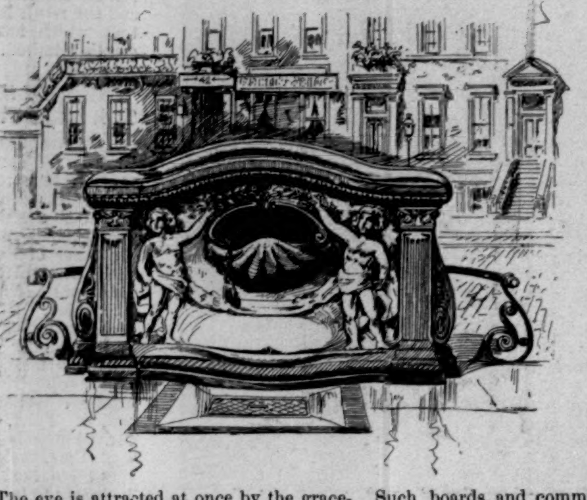
IN THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

plished orator. He is a native of Texas, and about thirty-seven years old. His father was killed in battle during the war of the rebellion, and the son was early thrown upon his own resources. Besides himself, he had his mother and sister to provide for. He entered a printing-office, and in time became a compositor. From the cases he went into the editorial room, and shortly afterward started a small weekly paper of his own. While editing his newspaper he studied law, and in a few years was admitted to practice. He has been a hard student, and now ranks very high at the bar of his State. He has been successful, too, in his practice, and has accumulated a handsome competency. He has never been a very active politician, though he has been in both branches of the Legislature, where he was regarded as a political economist of much learning. He is said to hold very conservative views, and to be very courteous in manner.

Mr. Reagan's resignation probably closes that gentleman's long career in national affairs. He was a member of the United States Congress before the war, and resigned when his State adopted an ordinance of secession. He was a member of the Confederate Congress, and also the Postmaster-General in Mr. Davis's cabinet. When the reconstruction period was over, he was elected again to the national Congress, in which he served term after term until he was elected to the Senate in 1877. In the House Mr. Reagan served on the Postal Committee, but he will be best remembered as the advocate of an inter-State commerce bill to regulate the carrying charges of the railroads. He pressed his bill with great pertinacity, and always insisted that the same rate should be charged for a long as for a short haul. The bill which finally became a law was not his, but Senator Cullum's, but it embodied many of Mr. Reagan's ideas. He is a man of great energy and intense earnestness. It is said that he would not have resigned from the Senate but for the fact that he despaired of a re-election on account of the unpopularity of his action in advocating a prohibition law in his State.

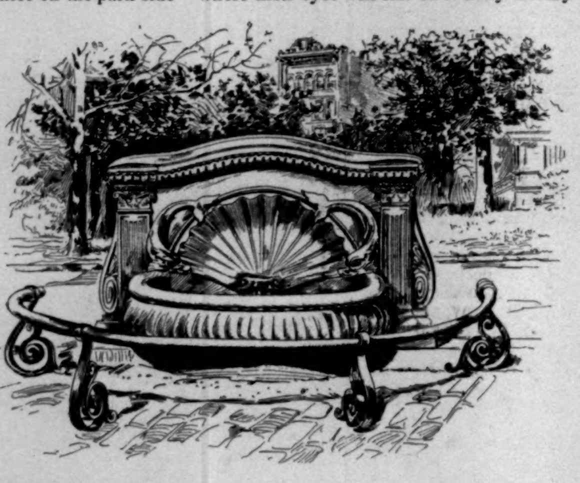
A FOUNTAIN FOR BEAUTY AND USE.

On the east side of Union Square in the direction of the Everett House, there is an object in stone which seems to have sprung from the curb overnight. It is a piece of Tennessee marble about nine feet long and five feet high, wrought into a drinking fountain for pedestrians, horses and dogs. A little richer than the color of the asphalt of the path, owing to the red in the marble, there is no violent contrast; the note makes a pleasing transition to the red of the houses across the way. It is a fountain unveiled last week in honor of Lieutenant Burritt Shepard, according to the orders of Miss Mary Norsworthy Shepard, formerly a resident on Union Square, and the sculptor is Olin L. Warner.



The eye is attracted at once by the graceful outlines of the fountain. It has been treated like a statue, so as to prove as interesting when seen from one direction as another. The coping, with its indented cornice beneath, starts with a volute, sweeps upward in a fine curve, and dies away in another small volute at the other end. The short involved square pillars which prop the coping are supported by large volutes. The base on the park side comes forward in a lip to form a drinking-place for dogs; on the street side a great basin, carved of an independent piece of marble, fills all the space between pillar and pillar. All these present an agreeable combination of curves and straight lines, with the curves predominating.

Inspected closer, the space between pillar and pillar below the cornice on the park side shows the drinking basin for human beings presided over by two little genii in low relief. The lines of their uplifted arms (which hold laurel branches), and of their bodies and corresponding legs, frame the space for the basin, which is carved to represent the "giant clam" of the Pacific Ocean. These gay little figures are nude, and hold a narrow ribbon, which runs below the basin from hand to hand. Here, if anywhere, that inscription would be proper which the fountain lacks. The sculptor has signed his work below the small basin.



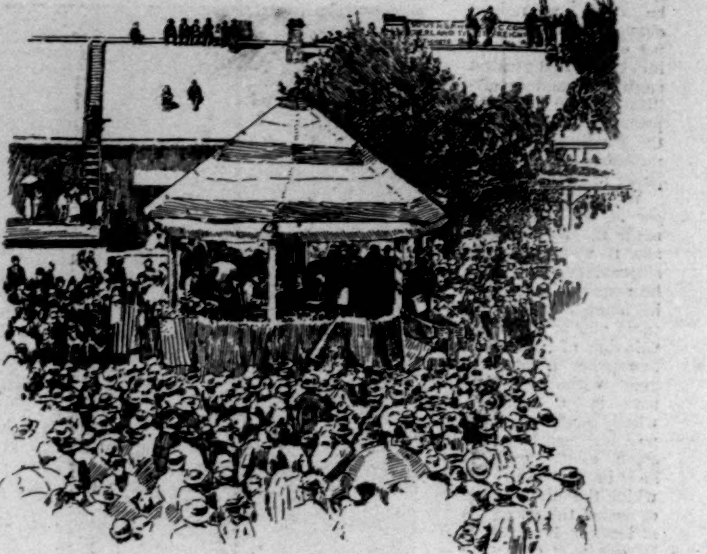
On the street side the central part of the panel between the pillars is cut into the hollow of a great scallop shell, on each side of which dolphins are carved in high relief. Their forked tails are high up on the scallop; from their mouths shoot two jets of water obliquely into the trough. A solid and handsome horse rail keeps the wagons and horses at a respectful distance.

It would be difficult to point to a fountain in the United States as compact, as classic, and yet as original as this little carving by Mr. Warner. When carefully examined, it makes one think of goldsmiths' work or fine artistic silver. But it has nothing suggestive of smallness. It is broad work and pre-eminently manly work; it is also work that has more beauty than we expect from the sculptor, accustomed as we are to see statues by him representing persons who are not physically such as an artist would seek for their own sakes. The nude boys are very charming in their gay yet somewhat heraldic attitudes, one leg out from the other. But as a bit of composition, the street side takes the palm, with its three simple topics of basin, scallop and dolphins.

The fountain is, in truth, something of a revelation. It shows that we have a sculptor capable of strong and original work, though the problem be a difficult one from restrictions of space—one, moreover, but moderately stimulating to ambition, owing to the modest size and inconspicuous location of the work. Mr. Warner has set a standard by which we must hereafter judge any drinking trough and fountain proposed for the various squares of the city. Such boards and committees as are called upon to examine models for purposes of the kind need only look at the Shepard fountain, and determine that the aspirant must equal this little gem.

At the same time that such works of art are unveiled, if a kind Commissioner of Parks were to spirit off the iron and bronze stupidities that exist on Union and other squares, the latter would be all that citizens need expect. Union Square is the first relief to the eye for business men and shoppers who come up town by Broadway and Fourth Avenue. The well-kept lawns flower beds, and round fountain, with its goldfish and stately aquatic plants, are appreciated to the highest degree by thousands of women, working-men and merchants. It is well to have a work of art where their eyes will fall on it daily as they pass. It is well for the children playing about the square to become accustomed to spirited and fine carving. Miss Shepard, indeed, has much more than offered water to thirsty horses, and a cup of water—albeit a tin one—to the parched wayfarer. She has done something toward the instruction of the great indifferent work-a-day public. Until that instruction has penetrated far deeper and wider, we can hardly hope for a general advance of the fine arts in America.

Charles de Kay.



PRESIDENT HARRISON'S BIGGEST STUMP SPEECH.

HIS RECEPTION AT SAN FRANCISCO.

Though the Presidential trip through California was a succession of wonders and a series of surprises to the members of the party, perhaps no incident was fixed more forcibly on the minds of all than the surprise awaiting them at Tulare, California, when they arrived there, Saturday, April 25th. Though it was the intention of the President to stop but ten minutes at each of the three leading points in the great San Joaquin Valley—Bakersfield, Fresno, and Tulare—and to only address the people in the customary manner from the platform of the car, the people of Tulare had prepared a programme in which he could not resist participating.

Realizing that the limited time of the party would no doubt prevent a trip to the Big Trees, the citizens of this city of the valley had taken the pains to bring from the Sierras a gigantic stump of a mammoth sequoia, and on this vast red-wood a platform was erected, crowned with a fitting canopy, and decorated with emblems of their patriotism. The surface of the stump was capable of holding fully one hundred people, but for comfort only the members of the Presidential party were allowed upon it. Surprised at the uniqueness of the reception, and catching the spirit of the occasion, President Harrison stepped forward, and delivered to the several thousands of happy citizens below what he afterward said was his first stump-speech, and which the people of Tulare now claim was the "biggest stump" speech ever made on earth. At the close of the President's speech Postmaster-General Wanamaker and Secretary Rusk addressed the assemblage from the top of the stump, and the entire party were so delighted with the character of the reception that they extended their time far beyond the limit first agreed upon.

From Tulare the party proceeded to San Francisco, stopping at Fresno *en route*, and arriving at Oakland at seven o'clock in the evening. General Ruger and staff, of the regular army, and General Dimond and staff, of the State militia, were in waiting, together with a committee of citizens, and with this escort the President went to the ferry steamer *Piedmont*. The hills surrounding the bay were ablaze with bonfires. Sparkling lines of electric lights and red-fire added to the brilliancy of the occasion. The night was serene, and the *Piedmont* slowly passed between two long lines of vessels, which were hung with lights and bunting, while colored fires burned upon their decks. Salutes were fired at intervals during the progress.

Several thousand people were in waiting when the city was reached, and the reception accorded the President was most enthusiastic. Under an escort of mounted police and troops, the party drove up Market Street through a dense crowd of cheering citizens. The street was one blaze of light, which set off the profuse decorations to advantage. After a period of rest at the Palace House, the President and party were conducted through a portion of the city on the way to the Mechanics' Pavilion. At the latter place an informal reception was held, and the President made one of the most impressive speeches that he has delivered during his tour.

The progress of the Executive has been flattering in the extreme, and his entire trip has been one of triumph. The only regret entertained by the President is probably in regard to the hand-shaking proclivities of the American people. At one time his right hand was kept in bandages, owing to its excessive use.

AMATEUR · SPORT

Though it is now some years since you read Mr. Anstey's *Vice Versa*, you must still remember a chapter headed "A Minnow among Tritons," and the quotation from *Essays of Elia*, with which it is headed: "Boys are capital fellows in their own way among their mates; but they are unwholesome companions for grown people." You must also remember how the paternal Bultitude's words and acts during the short time of his stay at Dr. Grimshawe's left a lasting unpopularity and name of sneak for poor Dicky Bultitude upon his return. While Dicky didn't run his father's affairs in the city very successfully, he made no worse bungle of it then than did his father of Dicky's affairs at school.

I can recommend this thought most heartily to the members of the Harvard Athletic Committee. It has been suggested that I am hard upon this committee, that it has produced some reforms, even though certain acts have been ill-judged. It is my attitude that is misinterpreted by any one who thus pleads for this body. I call attention to its acts of folly merely as incidents; should it do nothing but the most wise acts for a time, my attitude must yet be the same. No such espionage, no such interference, no such dictation as that exercised by this body can ever be anything but hurtful, not only to the athletic interests of Harvard men, but also to the reputation of the men themselves. If this committee supposes for a moment that these young men are not old enough to feel that same care of honor which marks the gentleman, they are greatly mistaken. I know of no men more sensitive, no men to whom a promise given means more than to these college men. And yet this committee has but recently dishonored the words and written agreements of Harvard representatives, given to representatives of other colleges.

This dishonoring of agreements is only an incident by no means unlikely to occur. It is necessary that representatives of the colleges must meet to arrange the details of rule and contest, and no instruction can be given such representatives which can cover all questions that may arise. Harvard undergraduates—and graduates too, for that matter—have neither the intention nor the desire to dictate to any fair competitor *all* the terms and details of any contest. They wish—as formerly, when Harvard's name was always pledged to carry out an agreement, once made, at any cost—to have their representatives *agree* with the representatives of a rival, not *dictate*. It is an insult to ask a man to a conference in which he can have no say; still more, to a conference in which he can have his say, and be told that those who invited him can accept no terms except their own.

This method lost Harvard's dual-league project with Yale a year or so ago, at a time when the Yale committee was made up of men most favorable to any arrangement promising to perpetuate the contests between the two universities.

The latest action of the Harvard Athletic Committee in cancelling the agreements made with Princeton has given their methods a particularly ugly look, in that if they were competent to deal with athletic matters they must have known enough of base-ball arrangements to appreciate the fact that negotiations relative to games would certainly be necessary soon after winter was ended. Had they acted, then, at the proper time, they could have advised the Princeton management that no games would be arranged, and thus at least saved the honor of those who afterward found themselves unable to fulfil their promises.

YALE HAS COME IN for similar treatment at the hands of this committee, and having had no quarrel whatever with Harvard, but seeing their agreement thrown to the winds, will let the series fall through rather than swallow such a causeless affront.

IT SHOULD BE A LESSON to those who legislate regarding college games that really the young men themselves are far more competent to attend to details than those whose only qualification is age and outside interests, which are to them far more important than could be immediate and intimate knowledge of sports. Let the faculty insist upon it that every young man in college, be he athlete or not, attend a certain number of recitations and lectures, that he come up to a fixed standard in his marks, that he take part in no disorders, and that he is physically sound. Then let him arrange his pastimes as he pleases, occupying with them his spare hours, and dealing with rivals under a code of honor, in which I can make assurance you will find fewer breaks than in any you can substitute for him. Do this, and you will find the young man fully able to keep up to a high standard of excellence and utility a group of sports which he and his predecessors—boys all of them, but earnest, honest, and manly boys—have made so much an addition to a college course.

DICK BULTITUDE HAD TO THRASH one or two young gentlemen after he took his own proper place at school once more, because these chaps considered him a sneak and coward on account of the reputation his father made there for him. As soon as young Harvard has a fair chance again he will set things straight in equally summary order.

I DISCUSSED BRIEFLY last week the first of five general propositions to govern yachting in this country—"A permanent board representing all yacht clubs." This week I take up the second proposition: "B"—"A general rule of measurement for classification—to remain in operation for a defined period from the time of promulgation."

PASSING OVER THE FACT that measurement for classification has steadily gained ground in this country during the past three years; that since its original adoption (by the Corinthian Yacht Club of New York) it has been adopted quite generally on the lakes, and also (last year) by the Larchmont Yacht Club; that it is to be tried experimentally this year by the Atlantic in one class (the "25-raters"), and has also just been adopted by the Corinthian Navy—we may note that it has been matter of earnest discussion by special committees appointed for that purpose in the Eastern and Seawanhaka Yacht clubs last year, and the New Rochelle Yacht Club this season, and that the general sentiment developed was distinctly in its favor.

IT SEEMS HARD TO POINT out why any rule of measurement used as the basis for time allowance should not necessarily be *the* proper rule for classification. An article on "Evolution in Yacht-building" in the March and April numbers of *Outing*, and late articles in *Forest and Stream* and *The Spirit*, present some aspects of the question, and are well worth reading. But the main and great argument for such a rule is that *it gives opportunity for the development to the uttermost of various styles of boats at the same time.* It is apparent that to classify boats by one rule and measure them by a different one must impose an artificial limitation upon designers. The rule in the Seawanhaka, Eastern, and New York clubs to-day classifies boats by l. w. l. alone—that is, establishes definitely for each would-be owner the requirement that his boat *must* be of the full l. w. l. allowed to the class in which he intends to compete (for *length* is the great speed element). The problem which the owner must then lay before his designer is this: "Without regard to *any* other element involved, either beauty of outline, safety, expense of construction, expense of running, or accommodation, construct for me the fastest boat you can *of the given water-line length.*"

NOW IT IS PALPABLE that "power"—*i. e.*, motive power (not power in the erroneous sense in which the word is used to-day)—that is to say, sail spread, becomes instantly the first desideratum. The problem for the designer is, "What form of hull can I adopt which will enable me to spread the greatest number of square feet of canvas to the favoring gale, trying only to avoid such a form of hull as must, from the difficulty of forcing it then through the water, more than counterbalance the gain in motive power which it enables." Result, the "brute" of the present 40 and 46 foot classes! They show an enormous sail plan on a limited water-line length. To carry it they need great beam; to handle it they need many men; and they are compelled by their abnormal hulls to carry on sail—in order, as one might say, to overcome *inertia*—to such an extent that a season's bill for broken spars and repairs is no inconsiderable trifle to the unhappy owner, while the strain produces, in even one season, disastrous results to even good construction.

IS THERE, THEN, ANY COMPENSATING gain in any of the elements, which it is above claimed are neglected, under the present system of not classifying on all the different elements, which enter into the boat's general measurement? Is the boat thereby produced more safe? Experience does not say so. Confessedly she is more expensive to construct, more expensive to equip, and also more expensive to handle. Accommodation she does not gain, because added length gives more accommodation (for equal added cost in construction) than does beam. It might be said that she need not necessarily be built in this abnormal way, but it must be remembered that we have to deal with that always-present underlying principle of human nature to push to the extreme every possibility of advantage where a contest is involved, and, restricted in one element, a competitor must necessarily seek compensation for such restriction in exaggerations in other directions. Shorten a man's slide in a shell, and he will develop abnormally large biceps—the result of an attempt to make up by arm work for restricted leg work.

IT MAY BE GENERALLY CONCEDED, in the light of the experience of the past, that whatever rule for measurement is adopted, it will be a rule taking into consideration both the boat and her sail plan, both the fabric and its motive power; and though exactly in what relative proportion these elements will enter into the computation may be the subject from time to time of experiment and change, that both must be involved seems settled. If it were the rule that time allowance (except as between classes) did not exist, then the last reason for measuring boats for any other purpose than classification would have vanished. One unfamiliar with present conditions would not readily believe that the entire measurement system to-day exists for the purpose of trifling time allowances between boats all built to be as near as possible at the heads of their respective classes, and he would learn with profound incredulity that the boats were not classified together for racing purposes on their measurement, but on a single one of the elements which entered into those measurements.

AFTER TAKING SO MUCH SPACE in discussing the advantages of measurement for classification, it merely remains to be said that the advantages of uniformity of classification among the different clubs—*i. e.*, that the rule should be general—may be claimed to be self-demonstrating. Incidentally we touched on this last week in discussing the advantages of a Yacht Racing Association. As to the continuing in operation for a prior-defined period such rule as is adopted, it may be said, in two words, that the advantages are (1) the thorough exploitation of the adopted rule by the evolution of its possibilities in all directions through the results of building under it during a series of years, and (2) fair play to yacht owners, and the encouragement to building arising from an owner's knowledge that his boat would "last" him more than one season. Further, it would seem that such a period should begin at the close of a yachting season, to allow the winter for building, and be adhered to for, say, five seasons.

WE take pleasure in publishing the following suggestion from so thorough a sportsman:

"I have read with pleasure the yachting notes in the last issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and fully approve of the expressed views in relation to 'a permanent board representing all yacht clubs' which you enunciate. I would suggest in relation to the delegates to form such an association, that instead of a fixed number from each club, there should be allowed to each club composing such association one representative for every fifty yachts (and one for any fraction in excess of twenty-five) carried on their rolls. This would make a more compact and handable body, and would be sufficiently numerous to be fairly representative.

"Respectfully yours,
"M. ROOSEVELT SCHUYLER."

REFERRING TO MY COMMENTS in the issue of April 18th on the proposed amendment to the Seawanhaka sailing rule in relation to giving way at marks (which was not adopted), it is interesting to know that in the issue of the *Field* last received, Mr. Dixon Kemp, its yachting editor, and the well-known naval architect, suggests, though writing under the mistaken impression that the amendment was adopted, that it would be interesting to know what was expected to happen to the leeward boat and the mark in case the outside boat could not give way without tacking or throwing herself into the wind. This semi-humorous query was answered in my article when I said that the result would be either that the leeward boat would be forced upon the mark, with the disqualification attendant thereon, or else that an instant collision between the boats would be the inevitable result.

IF THE POLO SEASON OF '91 is not a success, it will be no fault of the Association, which is doing everything to increase interest in the game. The handicaps and dates and place of matches have already been published in this column, and it remains only to add where the especial events will be contested. The Hempstead Handicap Cups will be battled for at the Meadow Brook Club meeting, June 8th to 13th; the Herbert Trophies, offered by H. L. Herbert Esq., and the Turnure Cups, offered by Lawrence Turnure, Jun., Esq., for pairs, at the Country Club of Westchester, June 15th to 20th; the Governors' Challenge Cup, at the Essex County Country Club, June 22d to 27th; the Polo Association Cups and the Clark Cups, offered by Farley Clark, Esq., at the Rockaway Club, July 1st to 10th; Oyster Bay Challenge Cup, at the Oyster Bay Polo Club, July 13th to 18th; the Westchester Polo Club Cups and the Newport Cups, offered by Westchester Polo Club, at Newport, August 17th to 29th. The Meadow Brook Autumn Cup, now held by the Rockaway Club, will be played for during September.

THE RETIREMENT OF JOHN OWEN, JUN.—Detroit Athletic Club—from athletics is greatly to be regretted. Those of us who looked forward to a grand race between him and Luther Cary—Princeton and M. A. C.—this fall will be sorely disappointed; for notwithstanding Owen's world-record performance of 9⅘ seconds for the 100 yards at the championship's last year at Washington, the question as to which would prove the faster this year is by no means assured, though Owen is one of the greatest racers that ever put on a shoe. Mr. Owen is a great loss to amateur athletics; apart from his athletic prowess, he represents a class of amateurs that is small enough in numbers now, and we don't like to lose any one of them.

THE BOSTON ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION is to be commended for adding an all-round-club championship to its annual programme. Every athletic club in the country should follow its example. It is a matter for commiseration that the All-Round Championship of this country attracts no greater interest or larger number of entries than it does. The reason is simple—athletes receive absolutely no encouragement whatever. What they do is accomplished from pure love of the sport and a great deal of perseverance. I have frequently suggested that every athletic club of any prominence should hold an annual all-round-club contest, thus giving men some encouragement, and developing prospective champions. A course of this kind would speedily create a widespread interest in the grandest athletic competition of the year. What is an athlete who can sprint 100 yards in ten seconds or run a quarter-mile in forty-eight seconds compared to one who makes a good showing in an all-round programme of twelve events, embracing about two hours and a half of continuous work? But no; this doesn't appeal to the gallery, it doesn't swell the gate receipts, and therefore the Governors and Athletic Committees of the New York A. C., Manhattan A. C., Detroit A. C., New Jersey A. C., Athletic Club of Schuylkill Navy, and Columbia A. C. prate about encouraging genuine amateur sport—and do nothing. The Boston A. A. is the only one to exhibit proper sentiment on the subject, and it is to be congratulated sincerely.

THE PONY RACING ASSOCIATION opened its season May 2d at Hempstead Farm in a manner that augurs well for the future of the sport. A glorious course, some exciting finishes, good management, perfect weather, and beautiful women to amuse—what more could even the A. P. R. A. desire? Both Foxhall Keene, who had just returned from abroad—where he has done a good bit of riding to English hounds—and J. L. Kernochan rode in grand form. In the Galloway Stakes event they made as fine a race—Keene on H. K. Bloodgood's Holly Queen, and Kernochan on the Tamalamah stables Roulette—as could be seen anywhere. It was close from start to finish; the former made a masterly drive for the wire, using whip and spur, but Mr. Kernochan had Roulette well in hand, and sitting still won by half a length. J. Clinch Smith's stanch little Betsey was a close third, and coming very fast. Saturday, as we are going to press, another meeting is being held at the same place. On the 16th another will be given at Huntington by the Queens and Suffolk County Club. An attractive card promises good sport.

GAME PROTECTION APPEARS to be quite as necessary in the Southern districts as in the Northern. A few years ago Florida was unquestionably the finest natural game preserve in North America. As the entire country had free access to its fields unhindered, sportsman, tourist and pot-hunter poured into the paradise in one surging, insatiable army, and fin, fur and feather have alike disappeared except in remote localities. When the present game districts of the country have all been ravished, the people will probably awaken to the necessity of game protection. In the mean time let all the sportsmen unite in forming clubs and extending the territory and influence of those already in existence, for in them rests our only salvation. And still the cry goes up, "tax the gun"; if a tax were levied on some of the editors of sporting papers who publish the outrageous big bags shot by some of these game exterminators, it would be more to the point. These men shoot for publicity, and if that were denied them, they would cease.

APROPOS OF THE REMARKS several weeks back in this column concerning the woful ignorance on general horsemanship, a timely corroboration comes to hand. Some little time ago Mr. W. C. Gulliver offered a cup at The Riding Club to be given the winner of the greatest number of points in a contest for general horsemanship. It was at first put up for the men; not a man entered. Then it was thrown open to the gentler sex, and Miss Mabel Metcalf was the only one to enter. After waiting, vainly hoping for some further display of interest, the trustees awarded the cup to Miss Metcalf, deciding that as no one else appeared willing to compete, the trophy was unquestionably hers. Are we to understand that the riders of this club, which we regard as being representative of the active horsemen of the city, are content with their knowledge, or ashamed to show their ignorance? In any event, the blank entry list is a sad commentary on their sportsmanship.

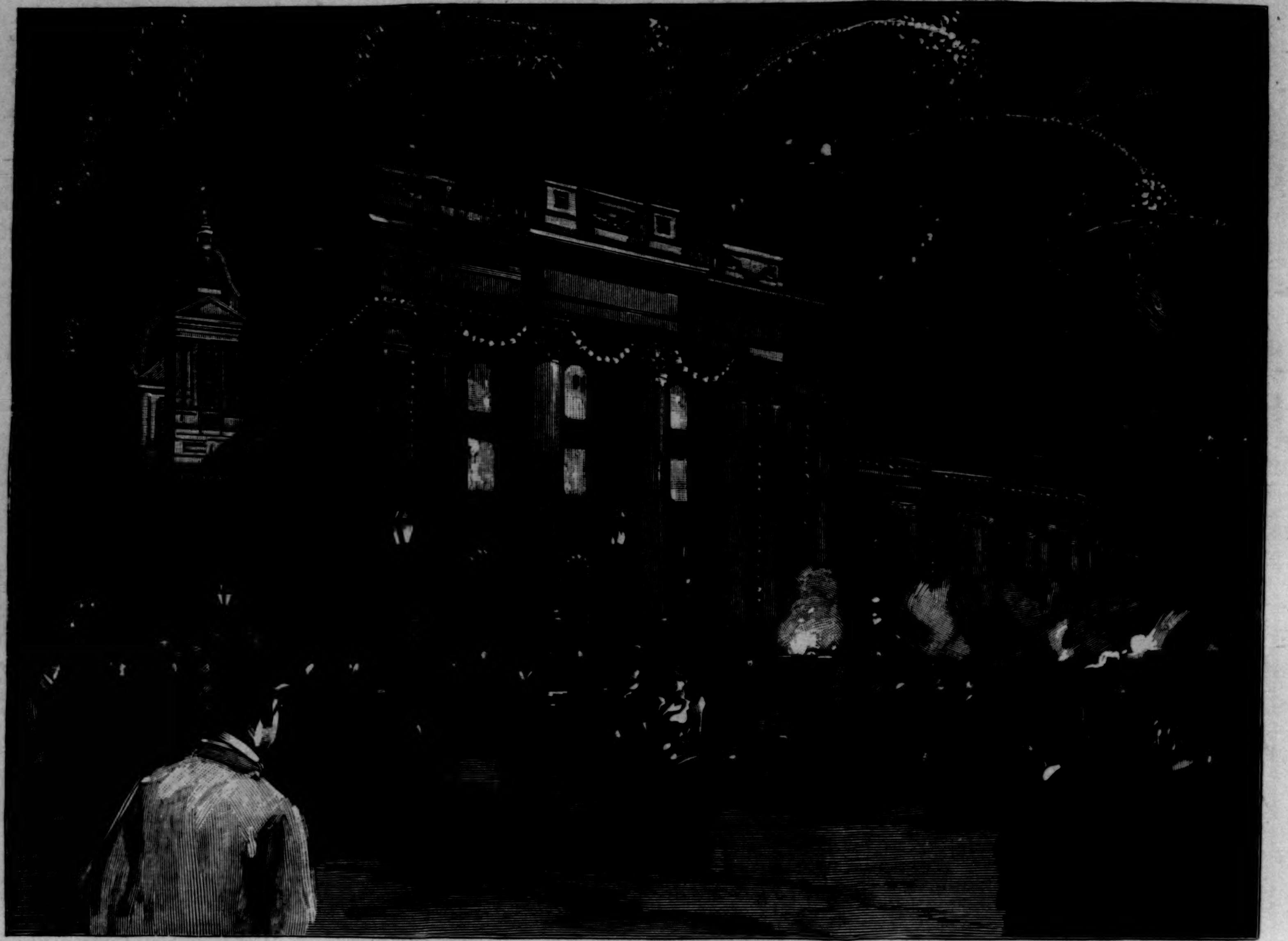
IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN a matter of wonder to me that the definition of an amateur was not drawn a little more sharply in trap-shooting. In such organizations as the Carteret Gun Club and the Westminster Kennel Club the necessity of considering such a question is never likely to arise, for the entries of only sportsmen and gentlemen are accepted. Outside of these clubs and one or two others, however, we find a class of men who, to all intents and purposes, make trap-shooting a business. They are in the employ of firms dealing in guns, ammunition, etc., never miss a tournament nor an opportunity to sing the praises of some especial gun they may be using. They are, in short, nothing more nor less than drummers, and invariably good marksmen.

THE YALE-HARVARD GAMES next Saturday at Cambridge for the University Cup will prove, unless I am much mistaken, a great surprise to the people up Boston way. If one was to say within ear-shot of Memorial Hall that a possibility exists of the score on the evening of the 16th standing, Yale about 56, Harvard 54, he would probably be forthwith cast into the Charles River. Yet such a score is not an unlikely probability. There is an impression among those who follow the superficial scribblings of the newspaper that Harvard will have a walk-over. They will be astonished to find how close the contest is.

SHERRILL WILL RUN, to begin with; and on this subject, before passing on to the consideration of others, I am prompted by a very disagreeable and entirely unjust paragraph in the *Herald* to say a few words. It is not possible for Sherrill to run at the Intercollegiate Championships, as he has three final and most important examinations at that time, and his nervous temperament won't stand it. He knew when he consented to run at Cambridge that newspaper reporters, like the one of the *Herald*, would immediately set up a hue and cry of his fear to meet Cary, of Princeton; but notwithstanding that, for the love of old Yale he will represent her on Saturday. I consider this as fine a display of college loyalty as recorded in athletics. If in good form, Sherrill will win both the 100 and 220 yards flat, and Jones is calculated upon to hold Cook, of Harvard, for second honors in both events. Lee (Harvard) would be a sure second in the longer race, but will probably not run, on account of the hurdles coming so near. In the quarter-mile Scoville should take second; he has done under 52 seconds, and never been pulled out to the limit. W. B. Wright, Jun., will go for the half-mile, and is a likely winner; he has done 2.01⅘ in practice, and not run out. At the Yale games, in a high wind, he did 2.04⅖, making the first quarter in .55⅕.

THE MILE EVENT will be a great one. W. W. Ellsworth has done 4.37 at a time when he was not in the best of shape, and as he is now in good form, strong, and has plenty of sand, he is expected to do 4.30. A. C. Williams is another good one. He did about 4.35 at the Princeton games, finishing easily. The walk has Bunnell, who, though not first class, may get one point. In the pole vault E. D. Ryder will take first, and George Briggs and O. C. Cartwright are both doing now very close to 10 feet. Elcock is putting a 17-pound shot 39 feet, and when he takes up the 16-pound on Saturday is likely to surprise those who considered him a back number. In the hammer he is doing 90 feet right along, and has done 96 feet once or twice. Williams may pick up a point in the shot, and Stanley Morison will go very close to the winner in the hammer. Three weeks ago he began this game at 60 feet; now he is doing 90 feet every day, and still improving. The high jump—1st, 2d, and 3d—belongs to Harvard; also the bicycle event. In the broad jump Williams will be Yale's hope. He has a record of 21 feet 10¼ inches, and has been jumping within hailing distance of that record. First in the high hurdles will undoubtedly go to Yale with Williams, and another point may be picked up by A. L. Reynolds. In the 220 hurdles Williams will certainly take at least second to Lee's first, and he might even take first if Lee should be just a bit off. Williams, it will be remembered, was not over a yard behind last year, when Lee made the world's record, and he is running two yards faster this year. Giving 5 points to a first, 2 to second, and 1 to third, figure up and see whether Yale is "in it" or not.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



THE ILLUMINATION OF THE NEW CITY HALL, SAN FRANCISCO, IN HONOR OF PRESIDENT HARRISON'S VISIT.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. W. BODÈ.—[SEE PAGE 370.]

LAGOON FOR THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

ARTISTS and architects and landscape-gardeners have been given an excellent opportunity for picture-making in the arrangement of the World's Columbian Exposition buildings. First they had the materials for the greater work. For canvas they had Jackson Park, the sky, the surface of Lake Michigan. Their colors and their brushes were given them by the various designers of the architects' board in the shape of plans and elevations of a dozen or more structures. Their palette was the theory of harmony in grouping and in the relations of dome or arch or angle, or a combination of these with other domes or arches or angles and with scenic environment. And now the construction department of the Exposition has practically finished its big picture. Everybody seems satisfied with it, even if the canvas is not yet dry, and it is lacking in such theatricalism as a pretty frame and shaded lights will give it when it is put on public exhibition in 1893.

The construction department has favored the people with a few glimpses of it, however, and asks that the judgment be not final on its specimen offerings. The illustration shows one of these sectional views. It is on the theory that the observer is looking from the north over the lagoon or inlet into the park. This is bounded on one side by the building for manufactures, and on the other by the building for the exhibition of electrical industries. In the distance is an obelisk, which has a very pleasing culminative effect, and a fountain, which, even though it will not be of quicksilver, will be of pure sparkling water, and will decidedly quicken the Egyptian effect of the monolith. At this fountain and this obelisk the lagoon comes to a very artistic finish—with a sort of *ictus*, in one manner of saying.

A portion of the east front and one of the towers of the building for electricity are to be seen at the extreme right of the sketch. The palace for machinery protrudes a part of itself beyond and opposite the electrical building, and thus at either side is afforded, with concern to scientific propriety, a rather correct *vis-a-vis*. The eastern face of the machinery palace is crowned with domes and towers. Out at the extreme left will be observed a corner of the west front of the manufactures building, and just across the basin the beauties of the hall for agriculture reveal themselves. In the centre of the background the palace of machinery and the hall for agriculture are joined by a rather long colonnade, which, too, forms a portico that leads into the grounds for the live-stock exhibit, and assists in the completion of the monumental group that is to the south of the great basin.

In the foreground is a bridge of three arches, designed to couple the building for agriculture and the building for electricity. It will serve as a model to give an idea of the picturesqueness of the grounds in general where the water site is used, for it is only one of a number of other bridges, similar or more beautiful. Bridges will be a prominent feature of the Exposition. A low sea-wall rises from the water, and guards the first terrace. The sea-wall will be made Venetian, with gateways and stair flights for landing from the small boats that Mr. Burnham speaks of so often and with such manifest pride. The terrace will be beautified with shrubbery, flowers, walks of shells and shingles, and will be the province of the landscape-gardener. About four feet above the terrace is a paved platform, serving as a base for the buildings. It will be made rich with statuary, balustrades, vases, and will be approached by a monumental flight of stairs.

This view was selected as showing the shortest perspective—and hence perhaps the more uninviting and less meritorious—on the perverse principle of retaining the best wine for the last of the feast. The buildings here are more thickly clustered, the distances at minimum, and the disadvantage general. Yet it is beautiful, truly, and holds out a promise that the other perspectives, wherein the distances are greater, the buildings less thickly in cluster, and the advantages better, will be objects of real splendor.

A GREAT COMPOSER AND DIRECTOR.

THE Americans, as a people, have always looked with friendly eyes upon the Muscovite nation. The nature of M. Tschaikowsky's reception at his first appearance, on the evening of the 5th inst., partook of the royal quality. He was cheered, thrice called before his enthusiastic audience, and finally obliged to respond with an encore, so great was the ovation which welcomed him. On closer acquaintance with this composer, one finds a man of bright, strong, and virile conceptions, thoroughly observant, an interested spectator of all that transpires about him, a man of the world in the fullest application of the word. His manner before the orchestra is authoritative and commanding; no extravagance of gesture—magnetic, impressive, and graceful. His audiences have realized that they were in the presence of a great master in the realm of musical direction, and the orchestra followed him as one man. There is, too, a *bonhomie* about the man himself which is delightful. You are impressed at once that this is not the mere musical enthusiast and composer, but a strong, self-reliant, and well-poised gentleman. M. Tschaikowsky is delighted with all he sees and hears in this country, although he suffers from the natural embarrassment of a foreigner, not being able to hold his own in our language. Of the new music hall he speaks in raptures, although somewhat discomposed by the placing of the orchestra. In Europe he has always been accustomed to having the band in front of him in a solid phalanx, not elongated to the extreme width of the stage. This latter arrangement was made necessary by the presence of the chorus. For the direction of M. Tschaikowsky's symphony, Mr. Damrosch promised the composer a clear stage, upon which he expressed himself as thoroughly satisfied. Like most foreign musicians who visit us for the first time, he is astonished at the power and quality of the Symphony Society's orchestra, and also with the volume of tone of the chorus, their admirable ensemble work, their capacity to produce the most delicate shadings of tone, and is altogether impressed with the fact that in musical appreciation and fervor the American people stand second to none.

There is some possibility that M. Tschaikowsky may return to us next year to conduct a series of concerts of Russian music; if so, it is on the cards that he will bring with him a Russian church choir. To those who have never heard Russian church music this choir would be a revelation as to what sacred music really is. The music of the Greek Church is always sung "*a capella*," and the effect of a body of male voices is something never to be forgotten. M. Tschaikowsky will visit Niagara and several other points of interest, giving concerts in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and expects to sail for Hamburg on the 21st inst. by the *Fürst Bismarck*.

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OF the gigantic host of advertised remedies for dyspepsia, not one in ten is effective. A bright exception is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a stomachic without fault, sure, speedy, and thorough. Nor is it less efficacious for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, nervousness, debility, kidney troubles, and rheumatism.—[*Adv.*]

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THE METHODIST BISHOPS.

BY REV. GEORGE R. CROOKS, D.D.

THE forty-seven Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which have been holding sessions since January 7th, concluded their labors on April 30th. The list began in the Southwest with Mississippi, and ended in the Northeast with Maine. They will be followed in the autumn by as many more conferences, sitting from September 1st till the last of October. For convenience of reference they are called the spring and fall conferences; they number, all told, one hundred or more. The meetings are for administrative business, and the chief task in hand is the assignment of the preachers to their churches. Appointments of pastors are for one year only; but each pastor may be annually reappointed for a term not exceeding five years. With the appointments as such, however, a conference has nothing to do. The power to station the preachers is exercised in every case by the presiding Bishop, who has associated with him the Presiding Elders as an advisory body. The responsibility of assigning a minister to a church rests, however, upon the Bishop alone.

The Methodist Episcopal Church supplies the people with pastors by a system of patronage. The General Conference, which meets quadrennially, is the patron of and has the right of presentation to all pulpits. This vast power is delegated to the Bishops, who are responsible to the General Conference for its exercise. The Bishop who presides over an Annual Conference is much more than a Moderator. After he has sat as president during the morning of a session, he spends his afternoons and evenings in determining where and under what conditions the men to whose debates he has been listening shall work during the coming year. It is a great power for one man to wield; but both from habit and conviction Methodists accept its exercise with cheerfulness.

The Methodist Bishops are, therefore, an important body of men to the Church which they serve. It is their duty to see that no church is unsupplied with a pastor, and, on the other hand, that no minister is unsupplied with a church. Work of some kind must be found for every worker. Its emoluments may be scanty, but that, according to the theory, is a secondary consideration. It is assumed that every minister has in him the spirit of self-sacrifice, and in the early days this assumption was also fact. The present Board of Bishops—eighteen in number—is composed of men of very various qualities. From the scholarly Hurst, who is frequent in authorship, to the missionary Taylor, who is more familiar with the forest and the jungle than with the study, they both contrast with and supplement one another. Taken altogether, they are a remarkable body of men.

Bishop Thomas Bowman is the senior. He was born in Berwick, Pennsylvania, 1819, and has spent the most of his life in the work of education. For ten years he was President of Dickinson Seminary at Williamsport, Pennsylvania; in 1859 he was elected President of Indiana Asbury, now De Pauw, University. This position he held until his election to the episcopate in 1872. He also served during the war as chaplain of the United States Senate. The Bishop is noted for his graceful oratory. With an easy manner and a ready utterance, he holds the attention of his audiences without apparent effort. During his administration of De Pauw University he was one of the best-known public speakers of Indiana, as Bishop Simpson had been before him in the same State.

Bishop Randolph S. Foster, also one of the seniors, was elected in 1872. He is a year younger than Bishop Bowman. His preaching life extends over fifty-four years, having been begun in 1837. During some of this time he was a leading pastor in Cincinnati, New York, and Brooklyn, then President of Drew Theological Seminary, which place he held until his election as Bishop. In preaching, Bishop Foster has the old-time fervor, and, when discussing his favorite themes, is capable of producing extraordinary effects. He has been, too, a frequent writer. Lately he has issued a work entitled *Studies in Theology*, in three octavo volumes; these, it is expected, will be followed by others. Though living a busy administrative life, Bishop Foster has maintained the habits of a laborious student.

Bishop Stephen M. Merrill has acquired a high reputation as an ecclesiastical lawyer. On points of Methodist usage he is recognized as an authority. He was born in Ohio, in 1825; entered the ministry in 1846; and in 1866 was made editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. In writing he is best known as a polemic, and has produced several books on controversial topics. He is one of the few Bishops who can preside easily over the General Conference, at times a body difficult to manage.

Bishop Edward G. Andrews was born in New Hartford, Oneida County, New York. He is a brother of Judge Andrews, of the Court of Appeals of this State. From 1854 to 1864 he was a professor in and then President of Cazenovia Seminary, New York. In 1864 he was appointed pastor in Brooklyn, and from that time until elected Bishop in 1872. Bishop Andrews is a man of scholarly tastes, and is noted for the purity and finish of his English style.

Bishop John F. Hurst was born in Dorchester County, Maryland, in 1834, and graduated at Dickinson College. After a couple of years spent in teaching, he went to Germany, and studied in the universities of Halle and Heidelberg. Soon after entering the ministry, in 1858, he was appointed to the Chair of Theology in the Methodist Mission Institute at Bremen. Here he remained several years. Under his direction this school of theology was removed to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where it has enjoyed great prosperity. Upon his return home, in 1871, he was appointed Professor of Church History in Drew Theological Seminary, and shortly after, President, a position which he held till 1880. In the latter year he was elected Bishop. During his presidency of Drew Seminary its whole endowment was lost, through the financial misfortunes which overtook Mr. Drew; a new endowment was secured by the energetic President, and the future of the school thereby assured beyond peradventure.

Bishop Hurst has been a prolific author. The first work issued by him was a *History of Modern Rationalism*; this was followed by *Life and Literature in the Father-land*, and the *Bibliotheca Theologica*. He has now in press a work on India. In conjunction with Professor G. R. Crooks, he has published a *Theological Encyclopædia and Methodology*. He is at this time engaged in organizing the American University in Washington, D.C. Bishop Hurst is noted for his unwearied industry, literary tastes, and genial spirit.

Bishop Cyrus D. Foss was born at Kingston, New York, in 1834, and graduated at Wesleyan University in 1854. He is the son of an honored Methodist minister, and is one of three brothers, all of whom entered the service of the Methodist Episcopal Church. After finishing his college course, Bishop Foss was for some time a teacher in Amenia Seminary, New York. In 1875 he was elected President of Wesleyan University, and passed from thence to the episcopate in 1880. Bishop Foss has gained his chief distinction in the pastorate. He is a superior expository preacher, and his pulpit service has always been in great demand. In his discourses he is clear, forcible, and practical.

Bishop Henry W. Warren is one of the few ministers who have been taken directly from the pastorate to the episcopal office. In most instances Methodist Bishops have passed through intermediate positions before reaching the highest one in the gift of the Church. He is a native of Massachusetts, and a graduate of Wesleyan University. For two years after his graduation he was Professor of Latin and Greek in Wilbraham Academy. He joined the New England Conference in 1853, the year he left college. He has shown a very decided taste for astronomical studies, and has written several popular works on astronomy. Since his settlement at Denver, Colorado, he has been much occupied with the founding and upbuilding of a university in that city. Bishop Warren is possessed of considerable oratorical power, and his addresses on some important occasions have been greatly applauded.

Bishop William X. Ninde was born in Cortland, New York, 1832. He is also, as are so many of his colleagues, a graduate of Wesleyan University, a school which may well be called a mother of Bishops. He began his ministerial life in 1856, and soon attained a very fine reputation as a preacher. Few pastors have been more beloved. In 1873 he was made Professor of Practical Theology in Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois; in 1879 he became the President of this school, and in 1884 was elected Bishop. Bishop Ninde has a very attractive presence, a winning manner, and is remarkably successful as a presiding officer. Few men have a larger number of warmly attached friends.

Bishop John M. Walden is a native of Ohio, born in 1831. He is a graduate of an Ohio college. Much of his life has been spent in Kansas, in which State he edited a newspaper; here, too, he was elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and served as a member of the Legislature. He began his ministerial life in 1858; in 1868 was elected Assistant Book Agent at Cincinnati, and held that office until he was made Bishop in 1884. He is eminently a man of affairs. He took a large part in the founding of the Methodist Freedman's Aid Society, and is now its President.

Bishop Willard Francis Mallalieu is of Huguenot descent, and was born in 1828. He, too, is a graduate of Wesleyan. He entered the New England Conference in 1858, and before his election as Bishop had spent the years from 1858 to 1884 in the pastorate. He has devoted himself with great energy to the evangelization and education of the negroes of the Southwest, and has laid the foundations of a university for them in New Orleans.

Bishop Charles H. Fowler was born at Burford, Canada, but was taken to Illinois at four years of age. He is a graduate of the old Genesee College, now merged in Syracuse University. On leaving college he began the study of law; but changing his purpose, he entered Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois, in 1860. Few men have risen so rapidly in the confidence of the Church as he, and few have shown more versatility. He has been a missionary secretary, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, and President of the Northwestern University. In every position which he has held, his strong personality and his great power of address have been felt and acknowledged by all among whom he has lived.

Bishop William Taylor is a missionary Bishop; that is to say, he has a limited jurisdiction. But as his diocese includes the whole continent of Africa, he cannot complain that he is shut up within narrow bounds. This remarkable evangelist and pioneer was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, in 1821, and joined the Baltimore Conference in 1843. In 1849, the year of the discovery of gold in California, he was sent to that State. He followed the gold hunters up and down, preaching to them wherever he could find congregations. But he was especially active in holding Sunday services in the plaza and on the Long Wharf of San Francisco. After returning from the Pacific coast, he spent five years in the labor of an evangelist in the Eastern States and Canada. Full of enterprise, he next spent three years in Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania, where he had great success. Afterward he went to Kaffraria, where his converts are said to have numbered hundreds. Spending, upon his return from Africa, a year in England and Scotland, doing the work of an evangelist, he sailed next to the West Indies and British Guiana. In 1872 he repaired to India, and there founded a self-supporting mission, chiefly among the Emasians. This mission has since grown into the South India Methodist Episcopal Conference. Since his election in 1884 he has devoted himself to the founding of self-supporting missions in Africa, operating from St. Paul de Loanda as a centre. How many miles, in the development of these missions, he has travelled through the interior of Africa on foot no one but himself can tell.

Bishop John Heyl Vincent is best known as the founder, in conjunction with others, of the Chautauqua Assembly. He was born in Alabama in 1832, and entered the ministry at an early age. From 1868, until made Bishop in 1888, he was the official head of the Sunday-school work of the Church. His Chautauqua scheme was originally intended for the encouragement of Bible study in Sunday-schools. It rapidly outgrew its first form, and now embraces instruction in all branches of knowledge for students who are unable to pursue learning in colleges.

Bishop James N. Fitzgerald is a native of New Jersey. Originally a lawyer, he became a preacher in 1862. For a number of years before his election in 1888 to the episcopacy he was the Recording Secretary of the Missionary Society. In presiding over conferences, his legal training stands him in good stead.

Bishop Isaac Wilson Joyce, of Ohio, is also one of the Bishops chosen by the last General Conference. This is his first Church office, for he had from 1859 until his election to the episcopate been a pastor in the West. As a pastor, he was greatly loved and very successful.

Bishop John Philip Newman entered the Methodist ministry in 1848, when twenty-two years of age. At the close of the war he was sent to reorganize the Methodist Church North in Louisiana, Texas, and Mississippi—an undertaking in which he did himself great honor. His friendship with General Grant brought him into contact with public affairs during the latter's Presidency. He has travelled abroad several times, and has written a number of books on his observations in foreign lands. For some time he served a Congregational Church in New York. He is a very popular preacher and lecturer.

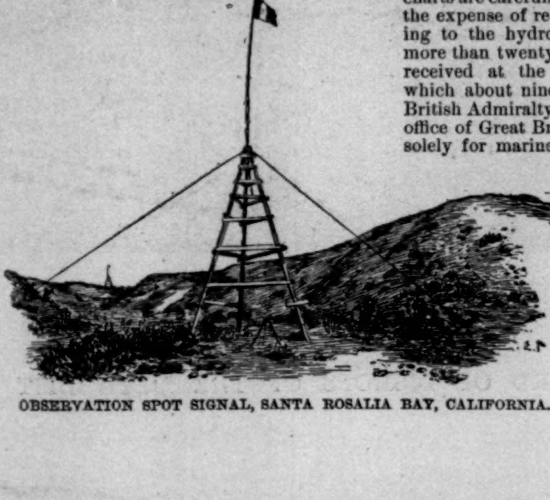
Bishop Daniel Ayres Goodsell, the son of a Methodist minister, was born in 1840, studied at New York University, entered the ministry in 1859, and until 1887 served with great acceptability as the pastor of churches in the vicinity of New York. From the latter date until made Bishop—the space of a year—he was Secretary of the Church Board of Education, a position he filled with so much ability that his resignation caused much regret.

Bishop James Mills Thoburn is the Missionary Bishop of India, an honor most rightly his. The more than twenty years of his ministerial life have been devoted to missionary toils in that country. A man of great ability, good sense, and piety, he has pursued his work with unfaltering courage, and has reaped his reward in the extension of missions in India, and in the affectionate regard of the missionaries. It is to be regretted that circumstances have prevented the two missionary Bishops from appearing in this group. No two of the Church's officers have been more diligent in her behalf, or are more worthy of her honors.

THE EVOLUTION OF MARINE SAFEGUARDS.

BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

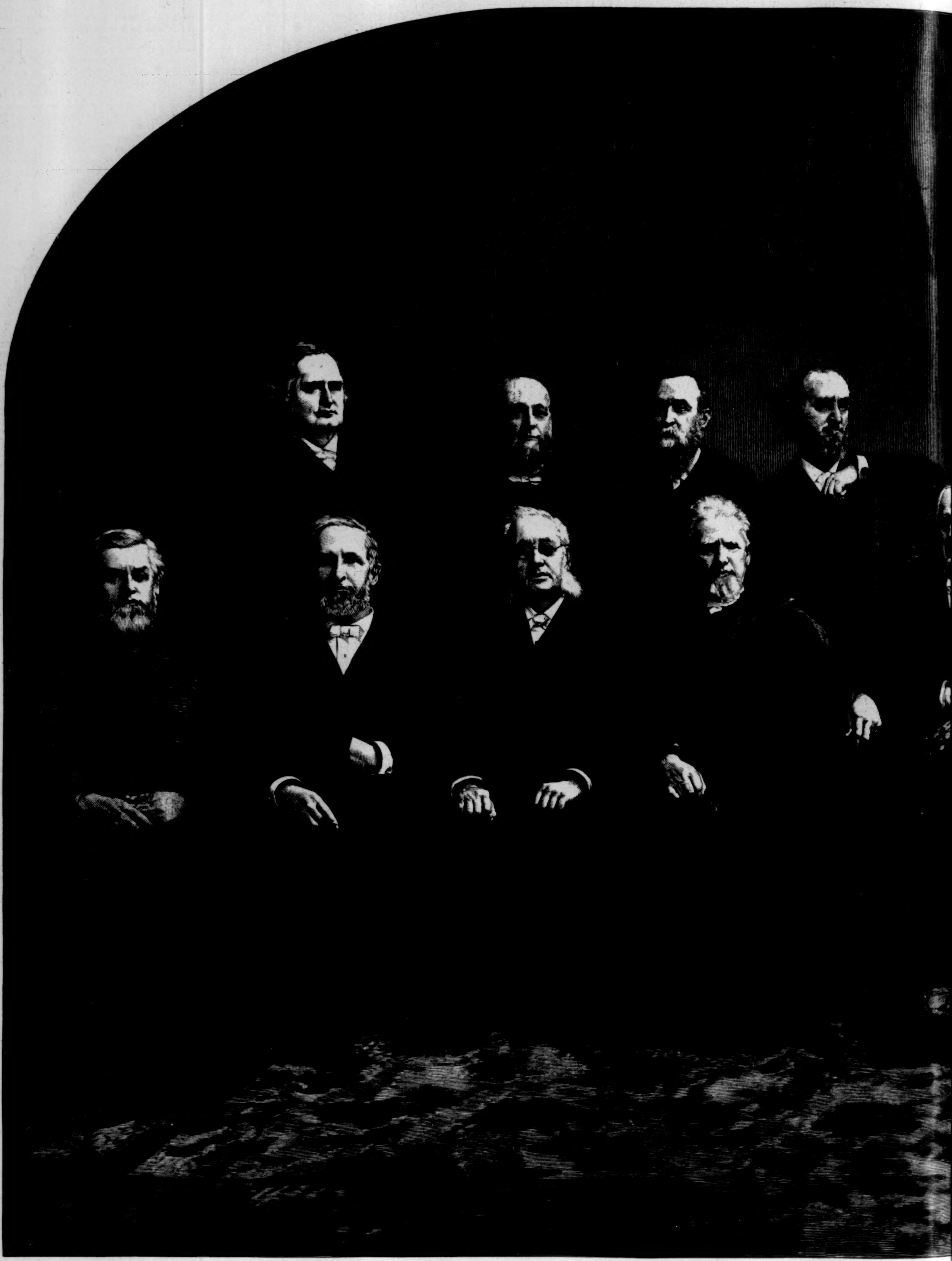
THE United States Hydrographic Office of the Navy Department at Washington was established in 1829. It is a vast organization for the preservation of scientific and historical records relating to the safety of mariners throughout the world. The changes caused by rising or receding coast lines, as well as by errors in old charts, are incessant, and require many corrections annually. At the central Hydrographic Office at Washington there are hundreds of copperplates used for printing charts upon which the work of revision and correction goes steadily on. Many charts are carefully corrected by hand to save the expense of re-engraving them. According to the hydrographer's report for 1890, more than twenty-five thousand charts were received at the office in Washington, of which about nine thousand came from the British Admiralty, which is the hydrographic office of Great Britain. All these charts are solely for marine use, and they differ from ordinary maps in that an attempt is made to give correct soundings and positions of islands and points of rock within distances measuring less than a hundred feet. Here and there upon the charts are carefully engraved picturesque views of the shore of any important harbor or seaport to facilitate identification when land is sighted.



OBSERVATION SPOT SIGNAL, SANTA ROSALIA BAY, CALIFORNIA.

The Hydrographic Office has recently carried out very important work pertaining to the accuracy of charted coast lines of the United States and of the West Indies, thereby correcting serious errors. This fact reminds the landsman that taking soundings and sighting land—a process so important that navigators set about it some time before they are within fifteen miles of shore—are often radically necessary for safety. If a voyage is long, and no ports are entered where the latitude and longitude are verified, the charted position of the ship and the actual one may differ to the extent of several miles, in spite of careful calculations. A sun observation may still leave a discrepancy of three miles in the ship's position—this is considered a good observation—while the best results under favorable conditions are expected to give rise to a discrepancy of one mile. The chronometers, theodolites, sextants, barometers, and compasses require special care and repeated comparisons with other instruments to eliminate inaccuracy, and one of the important duties of the Hydrographic Office is to remedy these defects. Magnetic variability of the compass-needle demands constant care, and knowledge of the deviation of the magnetic pole of the earth in different parts of the ocean. The positions of buoys and shore signals; of floating, stranded, and sunken wrecks; the averages of winds and ocean currents; the limits of drifting ice; the feeding-grounds of whales; the position of buoys adrift; the organized circulation of shipping news—all these recorded facts, involving many kinds of activity, have direct bearing upon the number of wrecks reported annually, and emphasize the great importance of hydrographic work. Branch offices for the distribution and collection of information are now established at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Savannah, New Orleans, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon.

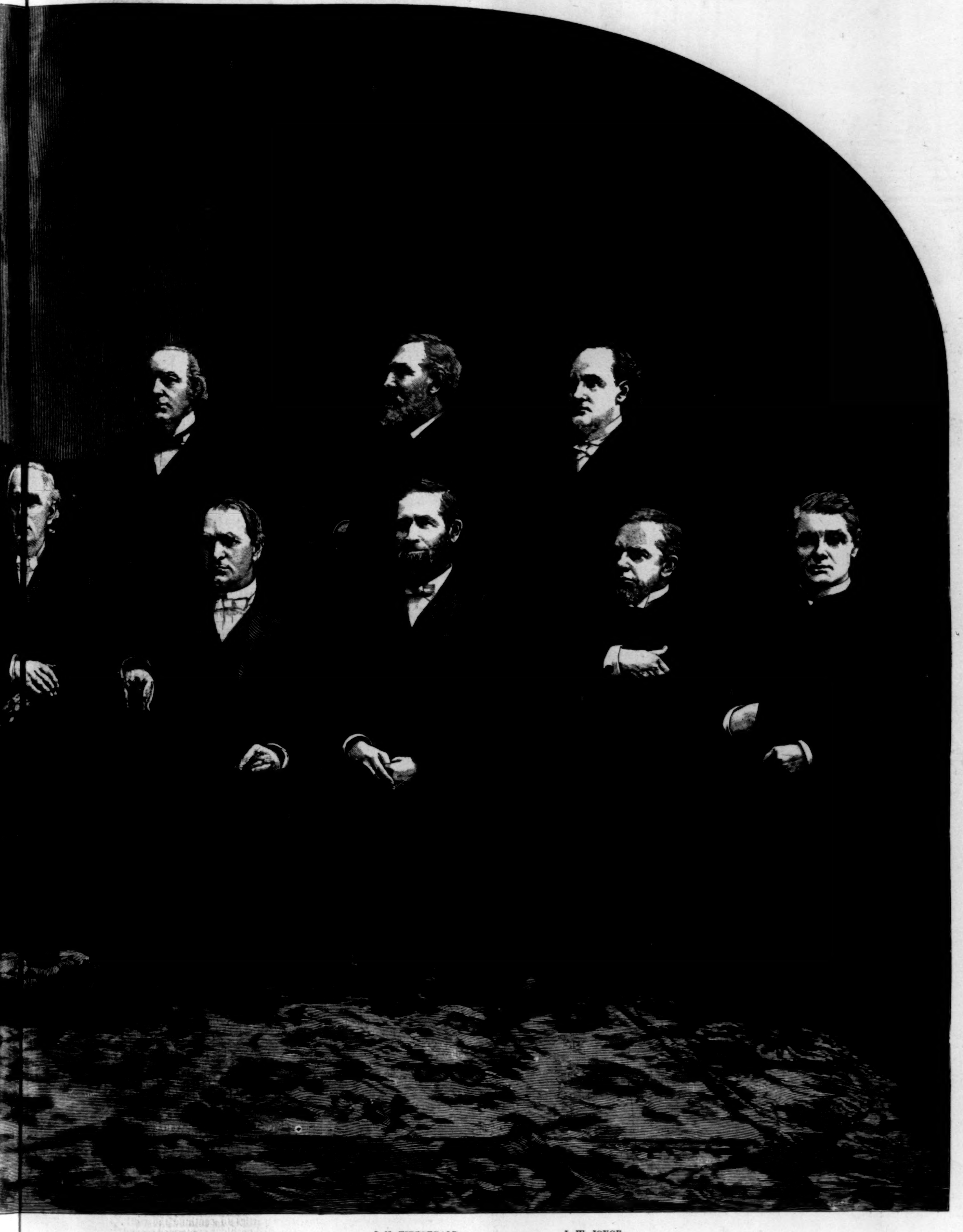
On December 1, 1883, the Pilot Chart of the North Atlantic Ocean was first issued, and a large edition has been published monthly ever since. It includes a meteorological review and forecast, showing the safest and most expeditious steam-ship and sailing tracks, determined with relation to the land storms traced eastward to the Atlantic seaboard by the United States Weather Bureau, and thence seaward by the reports sent in to the Hydrographic Office. The elaborate marine information given on these charts, which includes the entire range of hydrographic in-



D. A GOODSELL. J. H. VINCENT. W. F. MALLALIEU. C. H. FOWLER.

W. X. NINDE. C. D. FOSS. E. G. ANDREWS. R. S. FOSTER. THOMAS

THE BOARD OF BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL



J. P. NEWMAN. J. N. FITZGERALD. I. W. JOYCE.

MAS BOWMAN. S. M. MERRILL. H. W. WARREN. J. F. HURST. J. M. WALDEN.

PAL CHURCH.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.—[See Page 373.]